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Vol. CXLVII No. 1920 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOV. 7 1936

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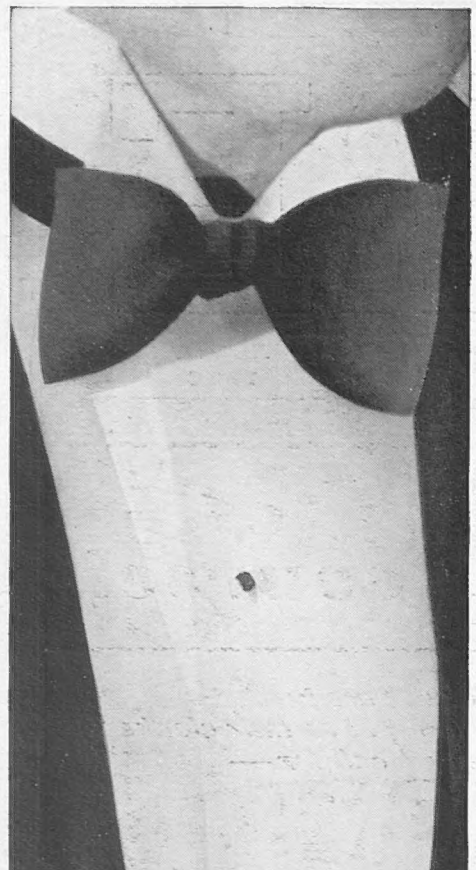

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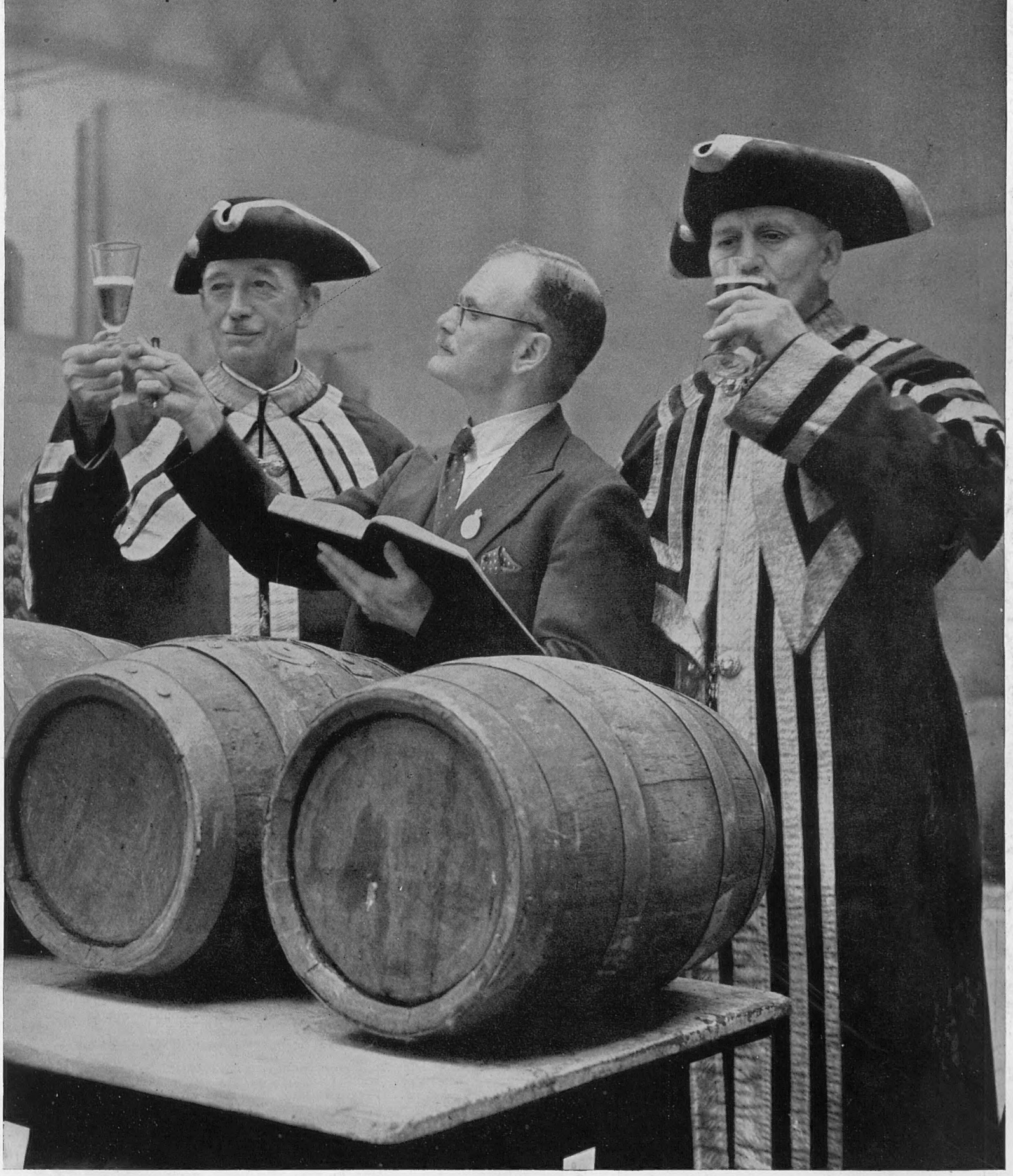
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 7, 1936

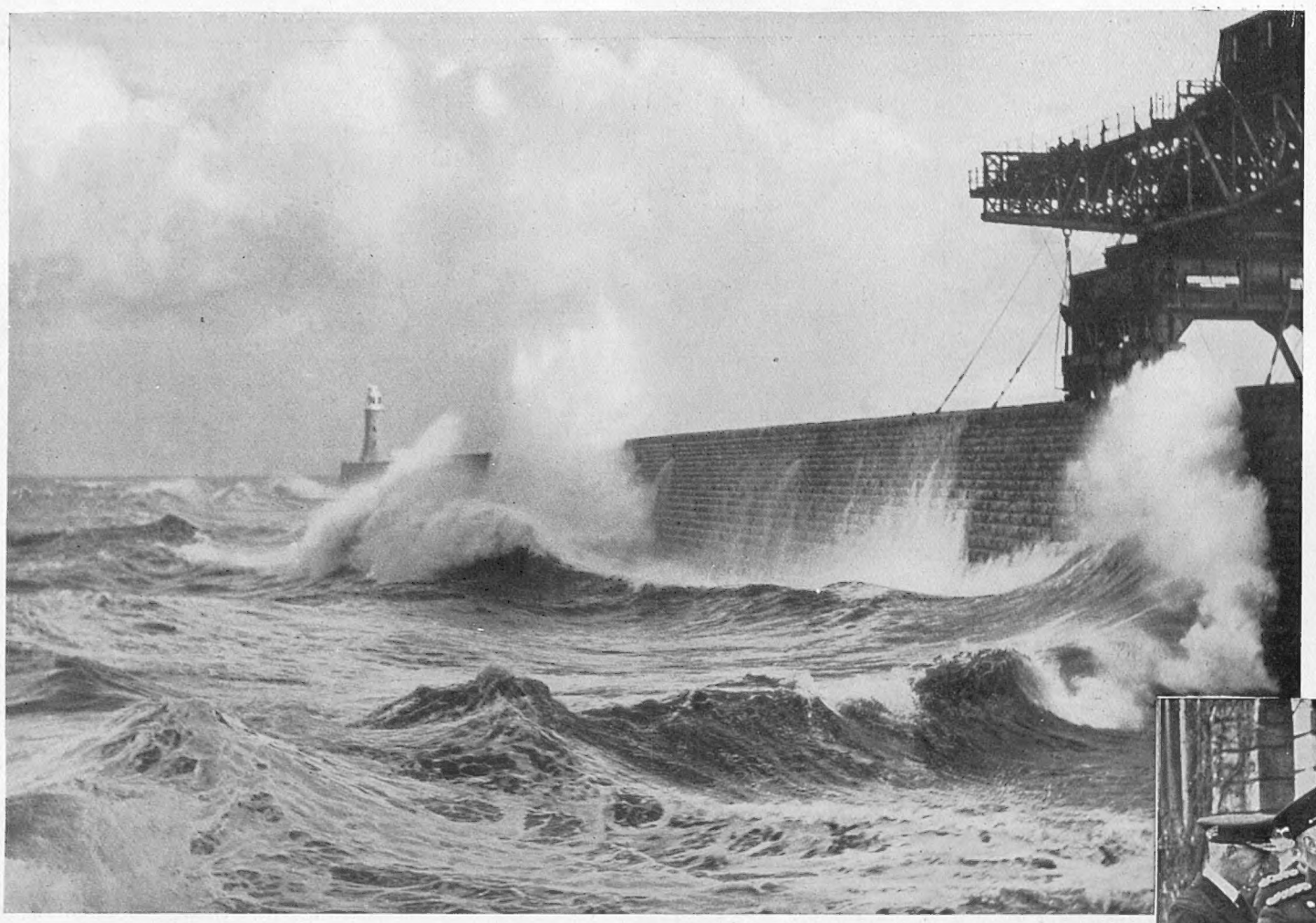


A Touch of Old London

The City Ale Conners Pay a Visit to the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall

Scarcely a week passes when London is without its pageantry, whether it be in greater or lesser degree, and its civic customs, though inclined to be taken for granted by the Londoner, except at such times as the Lord Mayor's Show, are imbued with an air of old-world dignity that is in sharp and colourful contrast to the City's hectic modern-day life. The ale conners are among the oldest City office holders, though their position now is essentially decorative for they have long since given up their original daily task of visiting public houses to test the quality of the beer. This week, however, their ancient calling was brought to mind when they went to the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, and, as depicted here, pronounced their verdict on the various brews — their mellowing task arousing not a little envy

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



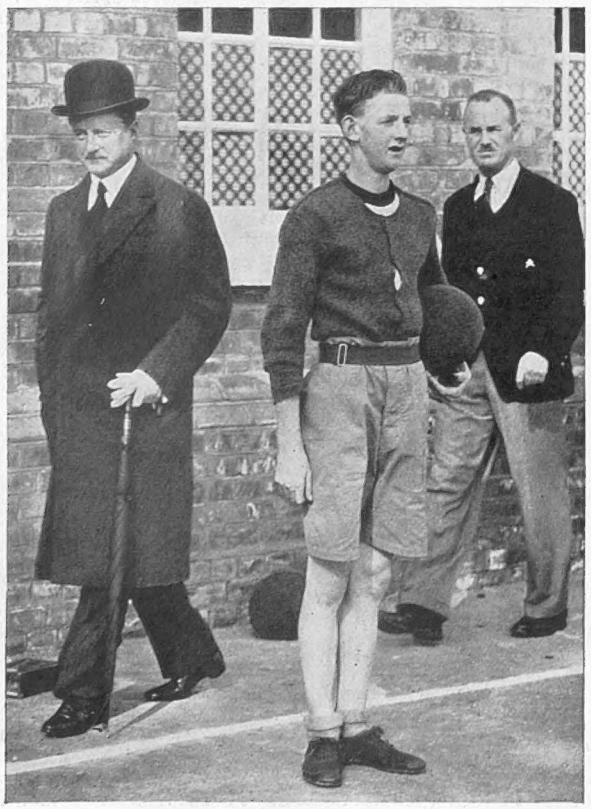
A FORETASTE OF WINTER: Heavy seas breaking over the North Pier at Tynemouth, at the entrance to the River Tyne. An impression of the stormy weather that marked the last day of October. In London a high tide made the Thames overflow

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, November 4, 1936.

THE RESHUFFLE. —

Mr. Baldwin dished the prophets in his shuffling of the pack following Sir Godfrey Collins' death. No single prophet would allow Mr. Elliot to lift his eyes from the plough until the long furrow of his marketing schemes was completed. But he has handed over to Mr. W. S. Morrison and goes to the Scottish Office—a man trebly fitted for the post—as (perhaps) a sop to Cerberus, Duke of Montrose, whose demands that Scotland should be taken more seriously in Whitehall I quoted only last week. As his deputy, he will have Mr. Wedderburn, another Scot, who trained under Sir Godfrey Collins in the Scottish Office, and is very well up in Scottish facts and needs. Mr. Morrison puts his hand to the plough. Who is Mr. Morrison? We are apt to confuse his name with another or others on the political stage. A year or two ago his name did not figure in the "books of reference," but he has made a quick reputation at the Treasury, in that office which is a stepping-stone to higher things (Financial Secretary), now to be filled by Col. Colville. He was doing well at the Bar, having taken silk and jumped the stiff fences which follow that vital decision, when he took office. He sits for an agricultural constituency and has hereditary claims to some knowledge of practical farming and he is young and energetic. He seems to fit the bill, especially as he comes with an open mind to a problem which will now be tackled entirely by new-comers. Mr. Hore-Belisha (the prophets' only successful "nap") enters the Cabinet. If hard work and enthusiasm deserve a reward, "Old Mortality" has earned the honour.



THE ARMY PLANS TO MAKE MEN: Mr. Duff Cooper, the Minister for War, with one of the thirty youths who, although previously rejected as medically unfit for the army, are now as an experiment undergoing a special course of physical training at Aldershot. It is hoped that a large percentage of the trainees will emerge fit to enter the service, and if this turns out to be the case, the scheme will be tried out on a very greatly extended scale with a view to solving the urgent recruiting problem

PARLIAMENT. —

Last week Parliament reassembled. A few hours later it was prorogued. Yesterday in dismal weather a new Session opened. Our parliamentary customs may well confuse the stranger. It confuses even the man-in-the-street-of-adventure. The thrilling debate and pronouncements promised for the day of reassembly were in the nature of a bathos. What emerged was one salient truth: Demands for intervention in Spain are based and have always been based not on morality but on politics. Communism and Fascism are the red rags of Europe, and are responsible for attempts to upset the apple-cart of non-intervention and European peace. These political rivalries are creating a problem in this country but (Mr. Baldwin seemed satisfied) were not yet an important menace. Meanwhile, though Fascism created Communists, and Communism Fascists, there are the police . . . and many more important problems for immediate attention. The new Session will open —has opened—with pleasant fireworks (appropriately) and a "record." Mr. Nicholson is a god-sent member for a display of oratorical rockets. He seconded the Address. For the first time in our history a woman M.P. moved it. Miss Florence Horsbrugh goes down to history and has her niche in the Temple of Venus or Athene.

GERMANY SEEKS BRITAIN'S FRIENDSHIP. —

If Hitler and the German people truly desire friendship with Britain, he and they must restrain the tongues of their chosen representatives. The Führer at least can, or lately could, do it if he would. It was not a happy way of lighting the pipe of peace which Herr von Ribbentrop chose on his arrival in London, when he invited us to join hands with him in crushing out one of our own political minorities whose activities in this country, perhaps because they do us no great harm, are entitled to the liberties afforded by our Constitution to all and sundry political opinions. And General Göring, once at least Hitler's understudy, put his foot still more violently into it when he burst out about the colonies and the gold which we had stolen from Germany. Indeed he spoke like a drunkard in a temper. *The Times* in a leader showed up his distortions very trenchantly. He spoke (and all the youth of Germany will take it as gospel) as if Britain had forced the great war on Germany in order to wrest her colonies from her. We didn't want the war. We have not annexed her colonies. Mandates don't pay—none knows better than we. Having no means of digging out raw materials, Germany would willingly buy these necessities of us and other Colonial landlords, but we have stolen her gold also. Mem.: She has paid in reparations (says *The Times*) less than she borrowed from us and the States. Those were indeed the words of a drunkard, and the drunkard's voice is magnified by Government controlled loud-speakers. That is the pathetic reflection. Against that bull's bellow, how little can avail the whisper of good-will from the small party of ex-servicemen, now back in Germany after a visit of friendship to this country! So often in Europe it is the same story. The peoples are sheep without a shepherd but constantly at the mercy of barking, petulant sheepdogs.

THE FIRST SEA LORD AT PLYMOUTH: Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield, G.C.B. inspecting Royal Marine officers outside their barracks

PEACE AT A PRICE IN PALESTINE. —

Profound peace, or all-but, reigns throughout Palestine. It took about a fortnight from the calling off of the strike to reach the normal again. The strike was called off before General Dill had done more than indicate the intended scope of his repressive

measures. To-day Jew and Arab sit side by side amicably in public vehicles, and the restaurants are once more the clubs and gossip exchanges of all inhabitants of Palestine without distinction of race. Already the 1st Batt. Scots Fusiliers and the 11th Hussars are gone to do duty in India and Egypt, and the 2nd Camerons, among the first to be drafted to the seat of trouble, will soon return to Egypt also. The Scots Guards will leave Jerusalem to remain awhile at Nablus. All reservists are expecting a quick summons to return home and, if they can, resume their civilian jobs. A lasting peace is confidently predicted (by optimists, *not* by British merchants), but it is peace at a price. Is it the normal price of Empire? Even though mandated Empire? Is it to be just written off? Or are our nimble accountants totting up the little bill with a view to some sort of account to be rendered? What was the cost for example of moving from England and Egypt and elsewhere the components of one and three-quarter divisions at war strength? Of equipping them and maintaining them? What was the cost of damage wantonly done? The damage to telephone and telegraph cables alone is estimated at £250,000. Does this more onerous than honorary mandate pay normally such a dividend in honour, morale, or cash that this abnormal expenditure of Heaven-knows-how-many millions may be written off under working expenses or wear and tear? Or do we look to receive some form of indemnity for our trouble in saving hot-heads from committing harakiri? All these questions are interesting. Perhaps some light may come from answers to questions which Mr. Mander and other sleuths may ask at Westminster.

A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

—Choosing a time when Dr. Hay was in England, Lord Sankey offered to the world (via Ruskin College, Oxford) his own cure for indigestion. In its way it is an expensive cure and one which can give no instantaneous results. On the other hand it is perhaps less socially embarrassing than to follow the Hay way to Eupepsia. The nations, Lord Sankey said, are, like individuals, suffering from indigestion. The machine has triumphed over man. Art and literature (which can only flower effectually by the sweat of man's brow) have been mechanised, and man sits, sated with his inventive triumphs, pressing buttons to relieve his boredom and following quack remedies to relieve his discomfort. It is not a pretty picture—this of a bloated, vacuous, windy, quarrelsome sot—but there is increasing evidence in the testimony of eminent men that it is no caricature. Lord Sankey echoes Lord Horder, who himself followed other contemporary critics of our age. New religions spring up (as we press our recreational buttons), but the churches are busy with party warfare, and, if they were not, Lord Sankey doubts whether a new Gospel is necessary. The old, which has stood the test of time, is still the be-all and end-all—a little unselfishness, a little thought for others, a little faith in God, a measure of ideals, a pinch of humility, and willingness to learn not from the end but from the first painful beginnings—pot-hooks and first principles. Our slogan must be to live and die learning. It is on education that the world depends and that learning must comprise a knowledge of what other people's thoughts and views and aspirations and rights are. We shall never find this knowledge while we continue to glare at our neighbours from behind tariff-walls and machine-gun emplacements. It is an obvious, a trite truth, picturesquely put. It has been hammered to triteness. Ignorance is our greatest curse, as peace is our greatest blessing. How firmly enthroned ignorance is throughout civilisation we can easily measure by one day's study of the triviality of the popular press and one hour's investigation of the lies and cheapjack that pass current as truth and soundness among men who have learned to read. But alas! Lord Sankey's prescription is to benefit a distant posterity—not ourselves. We have been educating the public expensively for generations and no dividend is yet in sight.

AN OLYMPIAN POINTER.

—Without a doubt the most interesting straw to be gleaned from that superbly successful motor show was in the development in production of other vehicles than motor cars. It is significant enough. The sale of motor cars has shown another big advance. True; but the sales and production of motor boats and caravans had a far higher ratio of increase. Morris Motors, for example, have now established a really important line in marine engines. What does this mean? I think clearly that the congestion of our roads has brought a reaction against motoring as a pleasure. There are plenty of people who to-day are so fed up with the long, long trail to the sea-coast that they have decided to exchange car for motor boat, and to make their journey by train to their chosen snug anchorage and then cruise in the freedom of river and sea. It may be that the little garage will no longer be a necessary adjunct of the modern gimcrack home. Those that now hold the "baby" car may be given over to the family trunks and lumber. The suburban "garage" will be a creek in Beaulieu river or Chichester Harbour. A few thousand cars may come off the increase of traffic which will next spring be in the neighbourhood of 150,000. The pointer points far ahead. The roads are still the burning problem.

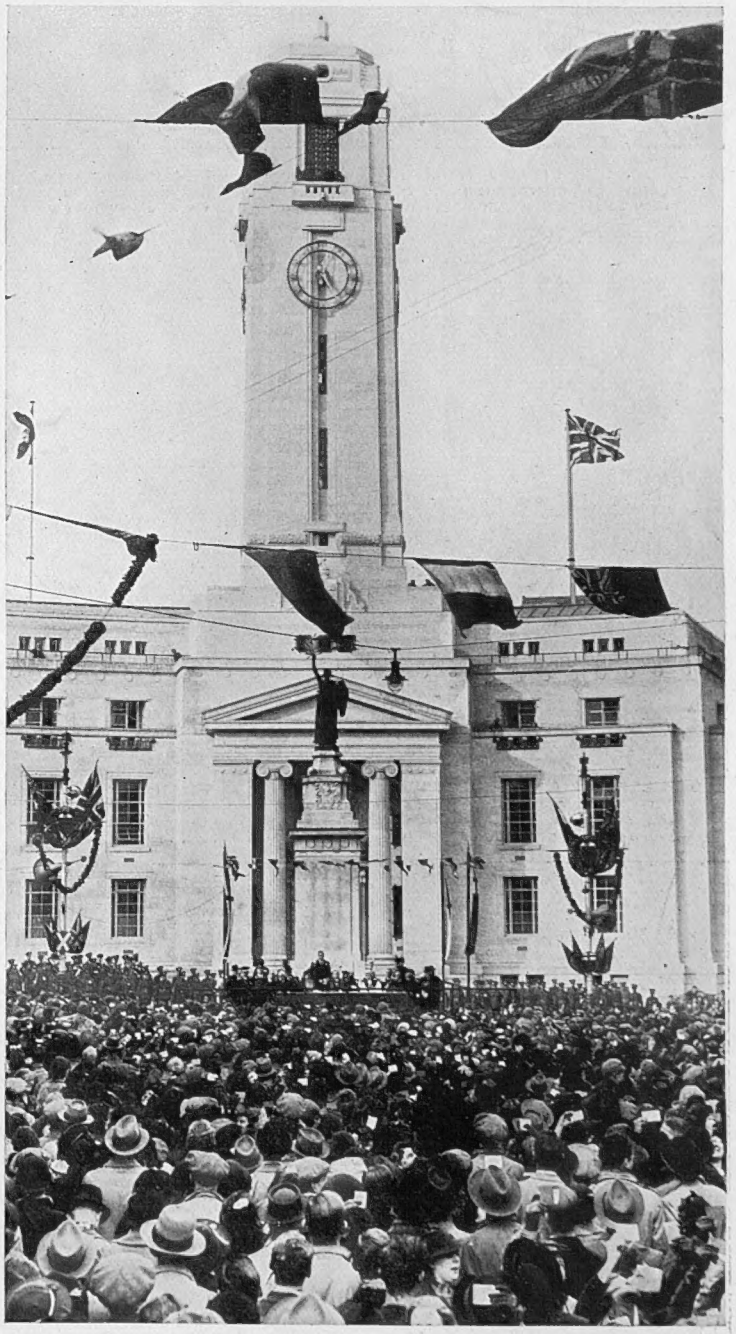
MENTALITY OF DAUBERS.

—Epstein's statuary is from time to time the object of the brutish attentions of disfigurers. It has been so ever since "Rima" was set up. Last week both "Rima" and "Day" (in Broadway) were daubed. Epstein is a genius, a fact which many of us who do not enjoy, while we admire, one class of his work, instantly admit. The daubing is of course a wonderful advertisement for the artist. The mentality of those who give him this free advertisement is an interesting puzzle. They are obviously cases for the alienist. But what form their madness takes is less easily settled. Is it sadism, or bestiality? Or are they merely half-wits, nit-wits, underdeveloped lumps of flesh in some sort of human form? Except in so far that they prefer to remain anonymous, I class them with (so-called) political assassins. Feckless and egotistic incompetents whose vanity urges them to "do one notable thing." And, like assassins, their deed instantly produces the very opposite effect desired. It throws contempt on the assassin's cause and awakes sympathy with the victim, even among his opponents. Many people who admire Mr. Epstein think his "Day" and his "Rima" either obscene or hideous or negroid. When those strange reliefs are rendered piebald with oil stains and dyes, their attraction in the eyes of critics ought to grow even fainter. But because Mr. Epstein has been insulted by hooligans, his critics become his defenders. Assassins are mere bunglers always.

THOSE TWELVE BEST GAME SHOTS.

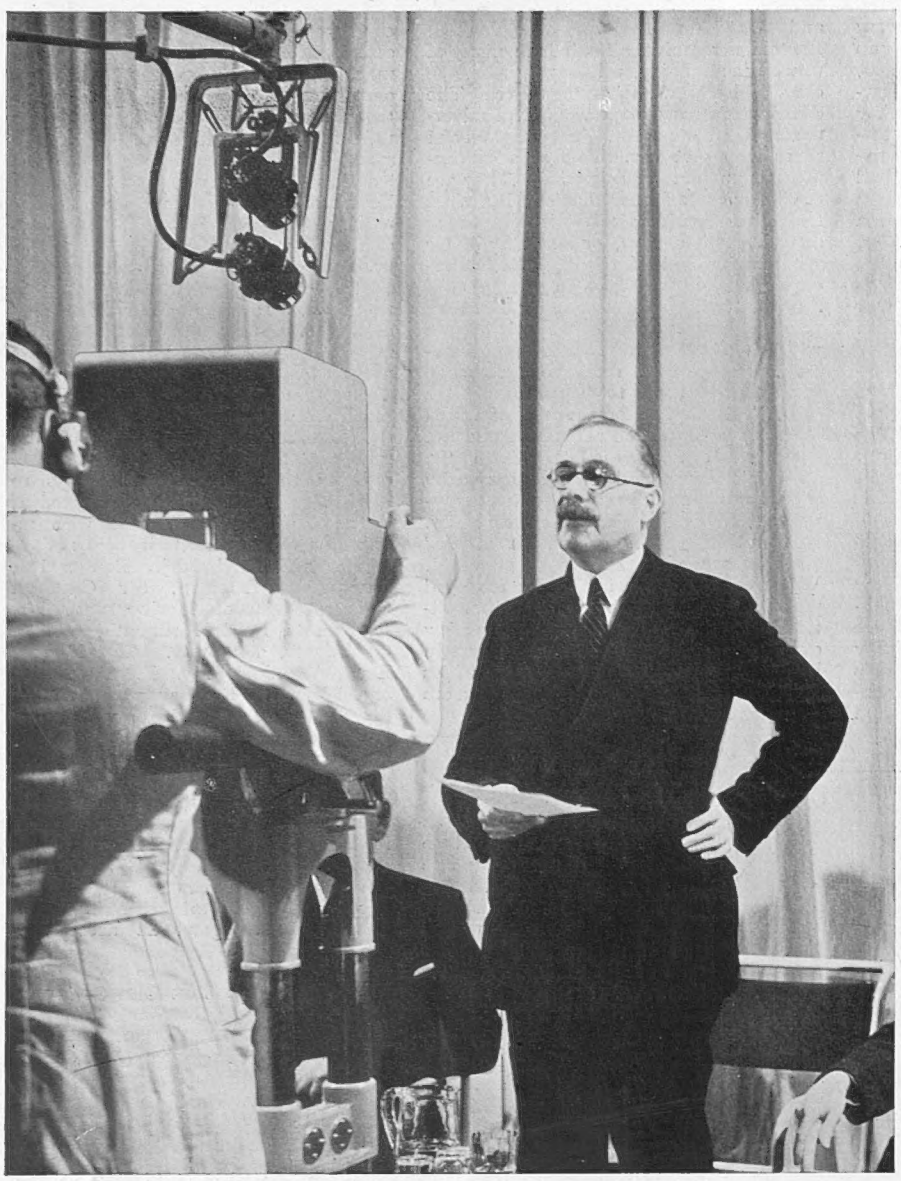
—In reviewing a shooting book the other day I ventured to remark that if there was one thing in shooting journalism which makes me more bilious than a catalogue of record bags of game, it is a catalogue of the twelve best living shots. Why? Because no good can come of it. It is not a serious search after the truth since no one man can cover the ground which may contain these supermen. I wager the twelve best living game shots are men unknown to fashion, fowlers of the marshes, Norfolk Squires who attend no "society" holocausts, and so forth. Your best shot is a man who is tip-top under vile conditions, who is as good in sickness as in health, who knows the business and is not merely a man with a marvellous loader who is feeling fit that day, has already burned 25,000 cartridges during the season and is standing, warm and dry shod, on his prepared stand to select his favourite angle from the hundreds offered and to repeat his performance time after time mechanically. Anybody with the time and the money and a moderate eye can kill quite high pheasants to admiration and even feel ashamed if he miss. Therefore I take with reservation this authoritative list: Captain Ivan Cobbold, Major R. Plowden, Mr. Bailey Forman, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Duke of Marlborough, Mr. R. Bassett, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. A. G. Turner, Major G. Miller-Mundy, Lord Allendale, Mr. F. T. Mann, and Major P. P. Gregory. Some of these supermen would do well under testing conditions but not all. I fancy all of us could collect another dozen who, placed in a snowstorm in an exposed line of butts to have a last crack at the Highland grouse packs in November, or sitting, wet to the skin, in a sunk butt at 3 a.m. on a gusty morning dealing with duck and geese flighting in to a Norfolk Broad, would give as good an account of themselves.

THE OLD STAGER

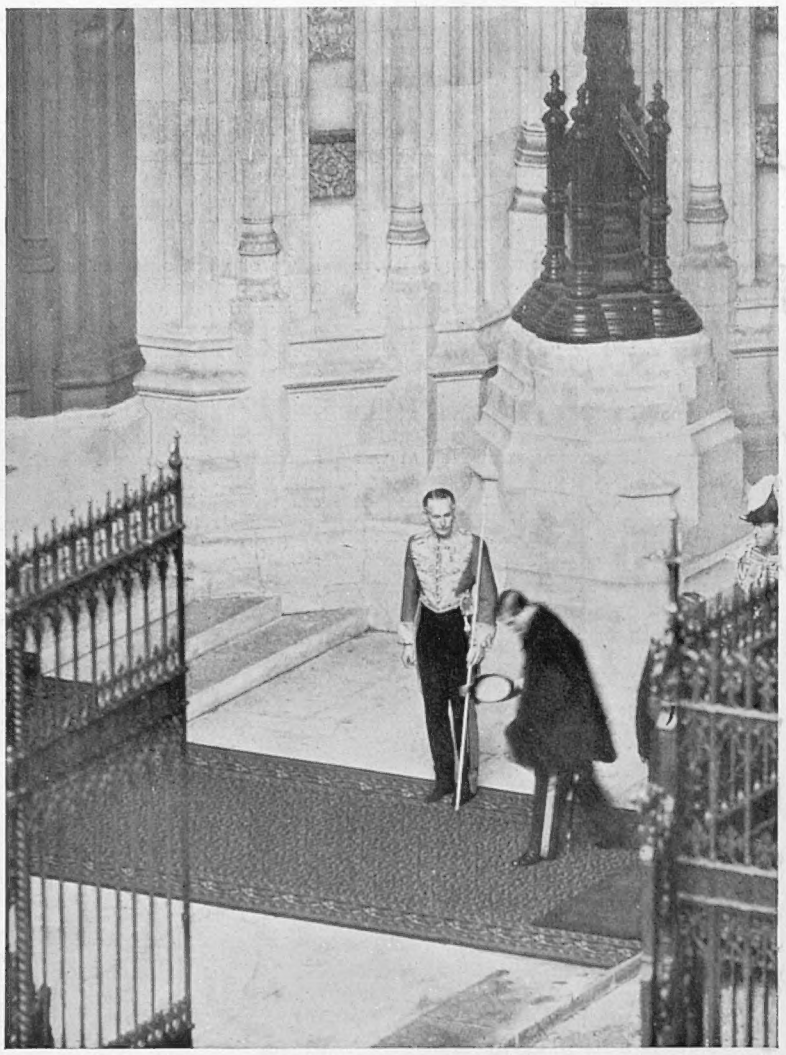


THE DUKE OF KENT OPENS LUTON'S NEW TOWN HALL: Crowds listening to the speech by His Royal Highness as he inaugurated the imposing civic building—ocular evidence of this Bedfordshire industrial town's growing importance. The graceful tower rises to a height of 144 ft. and contains a clock with a neon-lighted face on each of its four sides

HEADLINED



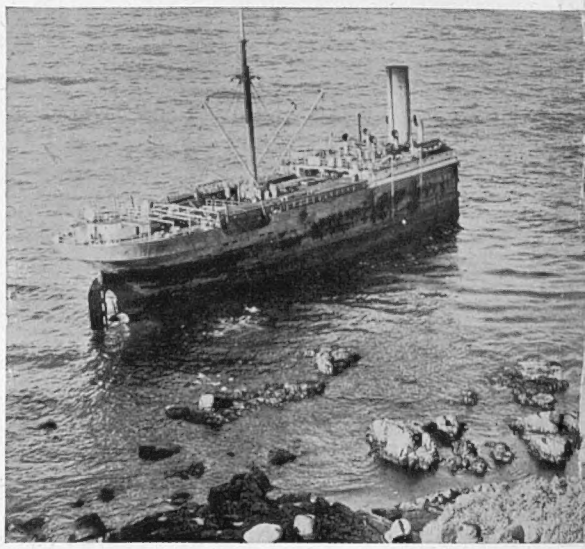
THE P.M.G. SEEN AND HEARD: Major Tryon, the Postmaster-General, making his speech before the microphone and the televisor at the Alexandra Palace last Monday, when the new television service was officially declared open and the whole ceremony was televised



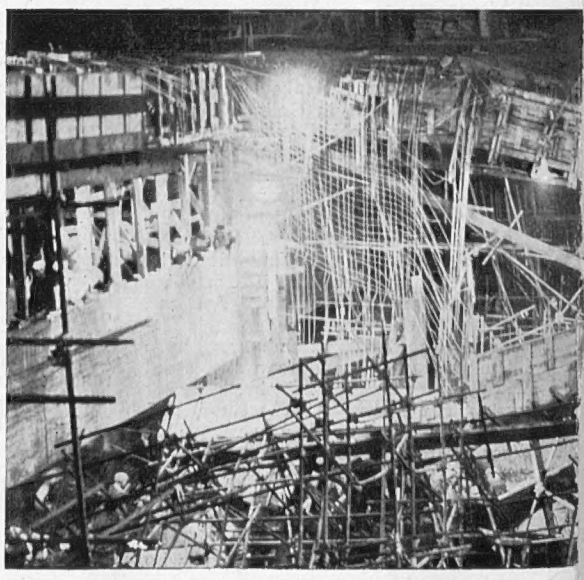
THE STATE OPENING: *Left*—The King, greeted by the Lord Steward when he arrived at the Houses of Parliament to open the new Session last Tuesday, and (*right*), His Majesty surrounded by members of the College of Arms

300 MILES ON FOOT: Miss Wilkinson, M.P. for Jarrow, leading the Jarrow unemployed marchers on their way to London, and (*below*) the marchers entering Hyde Park at the end of their crusading journey, the purpose of which was to appeal for work for the town

A VICTIM OF THE BAGDAD COUP D'ETAT: A wartime picture of Jafar Pasha the Iraq Minister of Defence who was murdered during last week's rising by the army. (*See article on Page* 220)



TORN ASUNDER ON THE CORNISH COAST: So quickly a few hours of the U.S. vessel, *Bessemer City*, running of Pendennis Point. *Below*—Eight men were injured when more than 100 tons, crashed 30 ft. to the ground



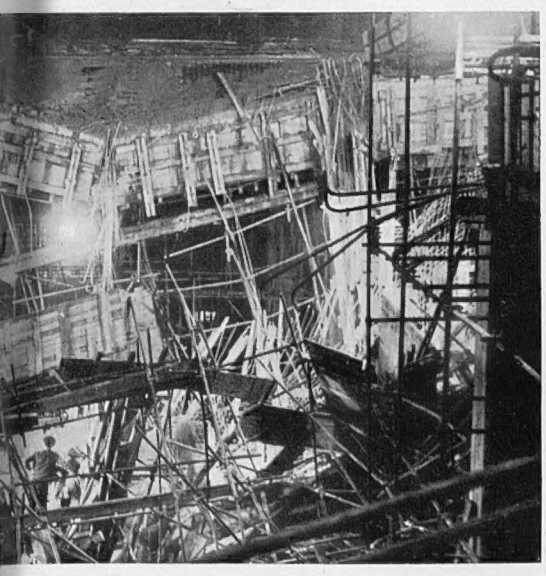
HAPPENINGS

as he was about to enter his car for the return journey to the Palace. The day was robbed of much of its pageantry as the State drive had to be cancelled on account of rain. This is the third time in succession this has happened

ELEGANCE IN THE RAIN: The Countess of Pembroke (*above on left*) and the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale (*above on right*) leaving after the State opening of Parliament. Inspite of the inclement weather dresses of rich materials such as velvets and brocaded lamés were generally worn by the peeresses

VICTORY FOR THE NEW DEALER: President Roosevelt, who earned a second term of office by his success in the U.S. elections this week, pictured with his family. On his right is his wife and on his left his mother

did the sea complete its work of destruction that within ashore, she lay broken in two on the treacherous rocks this mass of wet concrete, timber, and steel, weighing at the new Earl's Court Exhibition building this week



DUNDEE'S SENIOR MEMBER HONOURED: Miss Florence Horsbrugh, who this week made parliamentary history by being the first woman to move the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne

THE REPUBLICAN DEFEAT: Governor Alfred Landon (left background) who though decisively ousted proved a better presidential candidate than his supporters thought possible. Standing on his left in this recently taken family group are his wife and his daughter Peggy Anne, while in the foreground are Mrs. Landon's mother and Mr. Landon's father

HUNTING MAKES

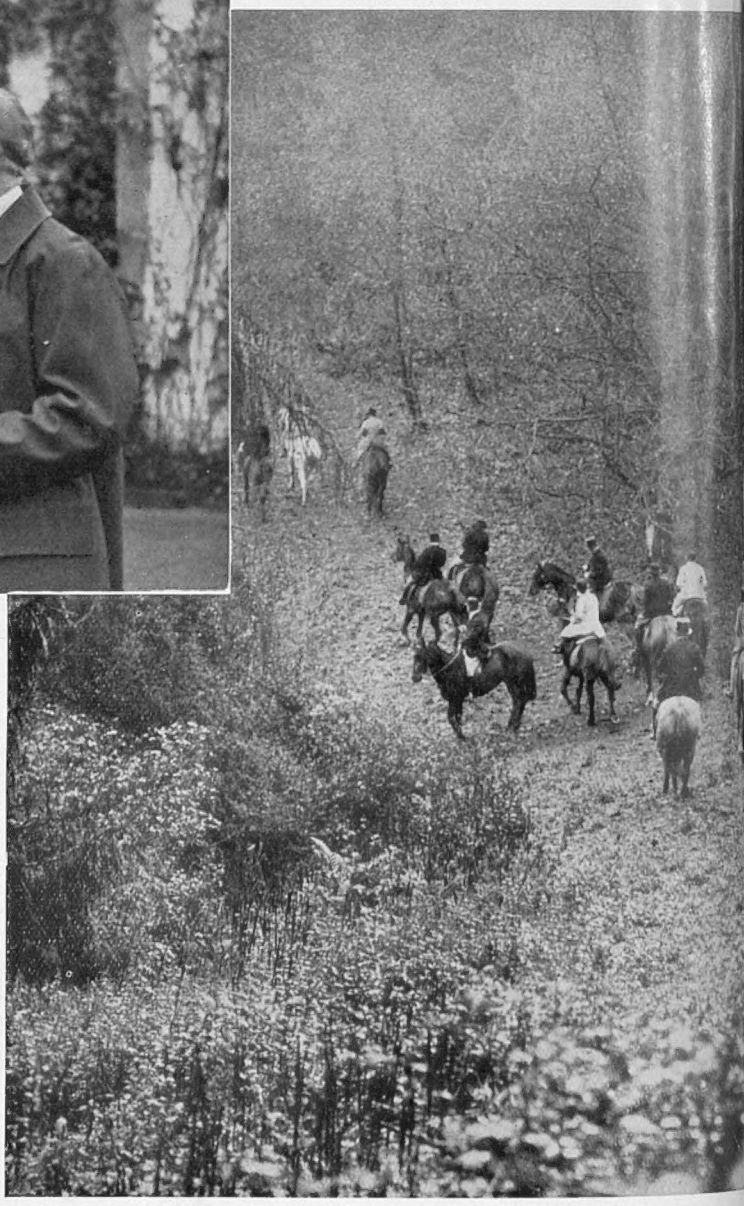
Some Famous Packs in the Home

ENJOYING A STIRRUP CUP: Members of the hunt taking shelter from the pouring rain beneath the porch and sampling the buffet at the opening meet of the Oakley at Culworth, home of the Joint Master, Lord Melchett. After an indifferent start followers enjoyed excellent sport, a fox found in Pippin Wood giving a sixty-five minutes' run

A LAWN MEET IN SUSSEX: The Southdown hounds gathered outside Firle Place, near Lewes—the

TAKING A CAP: Captain A. L. Goodson collecting for Earl Haig's Fund at the opening meet of the North Northumberland at Cornhill House, Cornhill-on-Tweed. This hunt is now under the joint mastership of Colonel the Hon. H. E. Joicey and Mr. A. Hall Watt

On left—FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Mr. Reginald Wright (left centre), who has retired after six years as Master of the South Atherstone, receiving a presentation of a sporting clock (a gift from the farmers) and a silver tea-set from the hunt subscribers. The ceremony took place at Newnham Paddox on the occasion of the opening meet

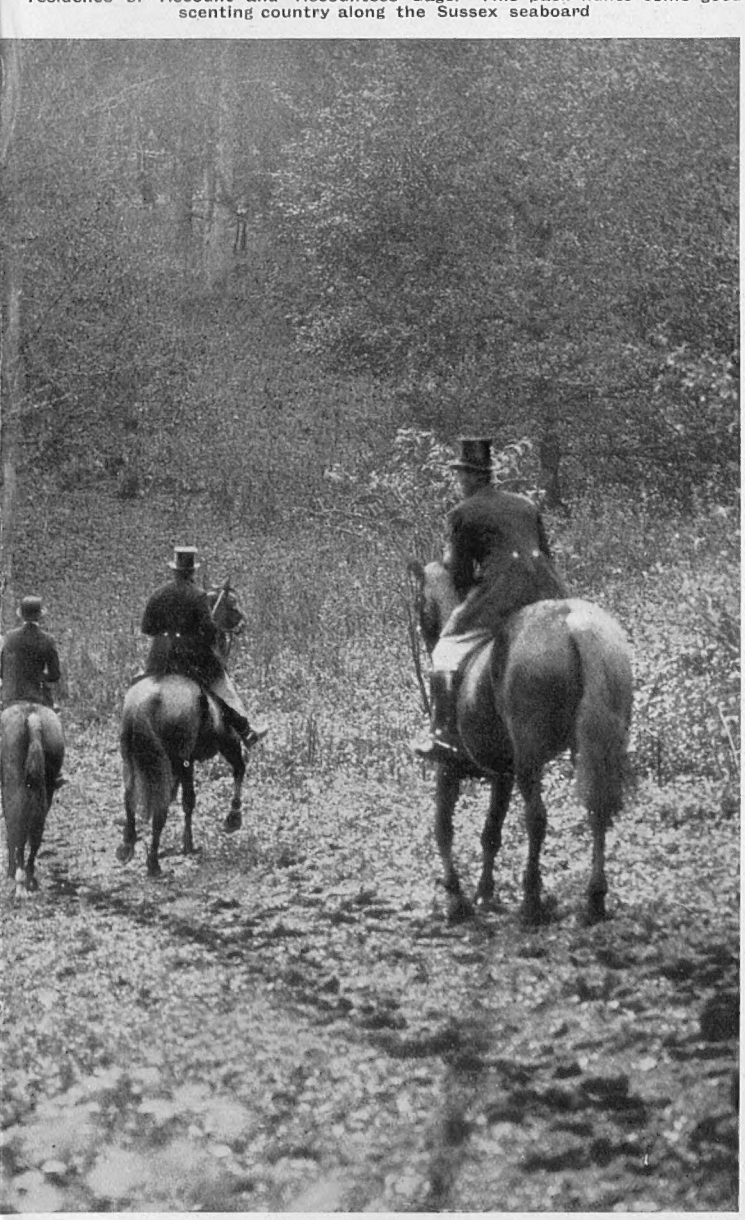


"AND THE DESOLATE SPACES WAKEN TO THE MUSIC OF HOUND AND HORN": Members of the field waiting for hounds to find (*above*) and (*right*) Mr. Derrick Heathcoat Amory, Joint Master and huntsman, moving off to draw after the meet of the Tiverton at Knightshayes Court. He shares the mastership with his brother, Sir John Heathcoat Amory, who has

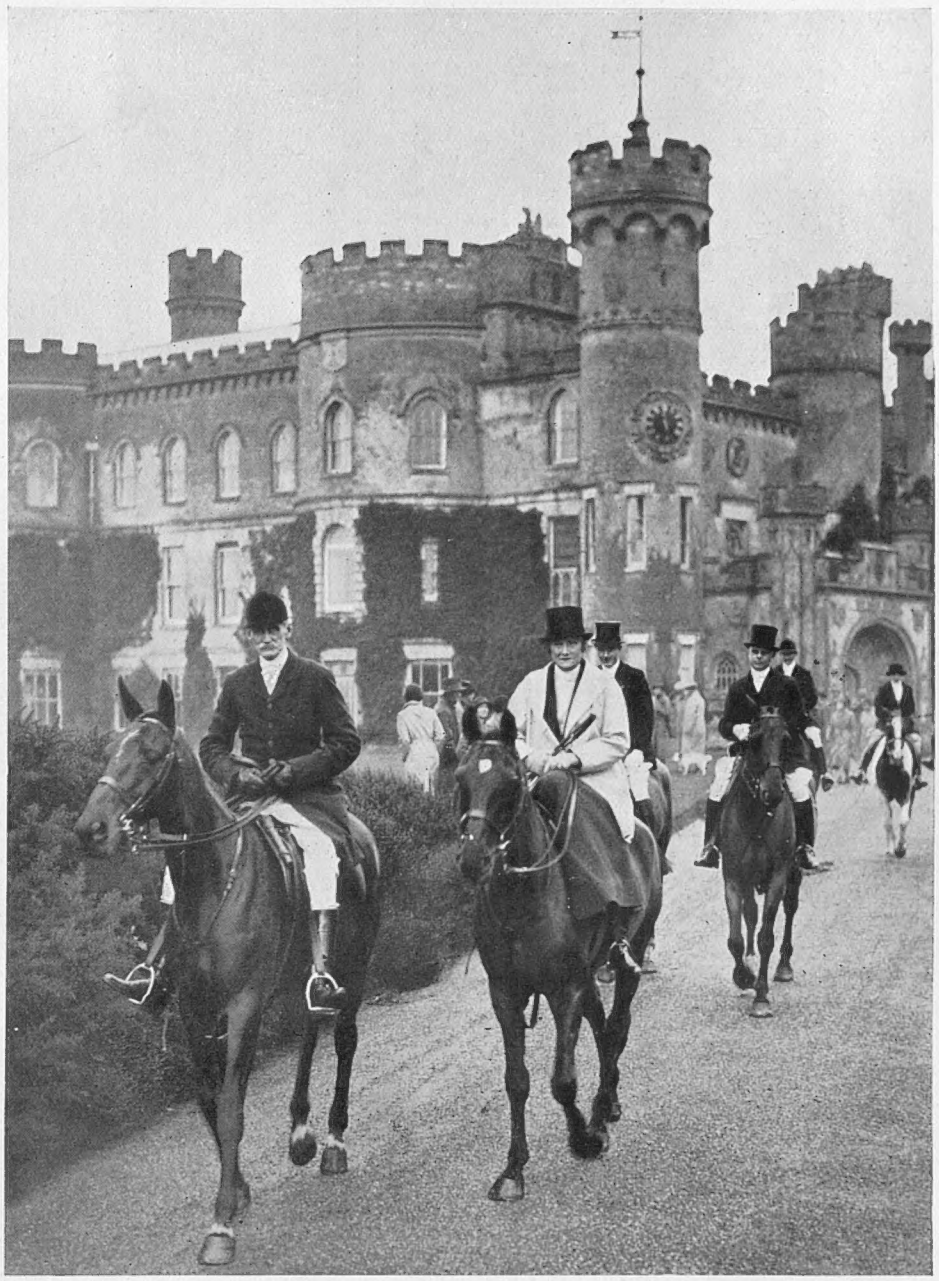
AN EARLY BEGINNING

Counties and the Provinces Hold Their Opening Meets

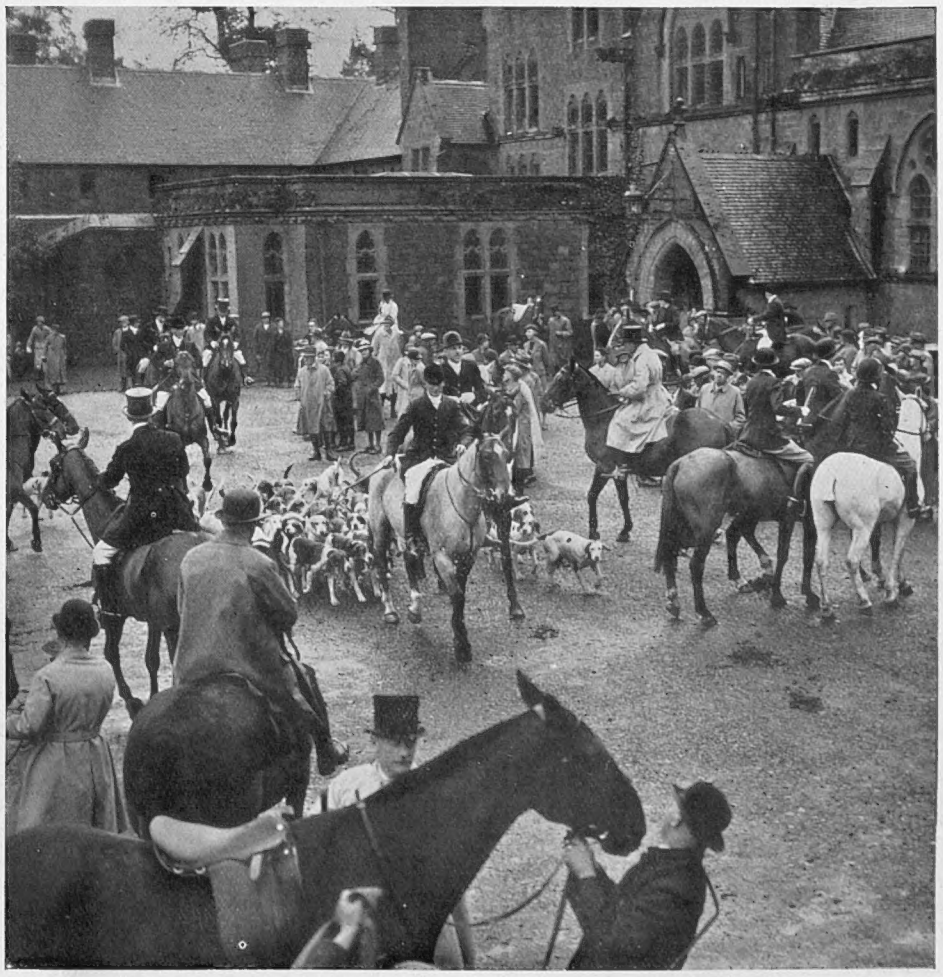
residence of Viscount and Viscountess Gage. This pack hunts some good scenting country along the Sussex seaboard

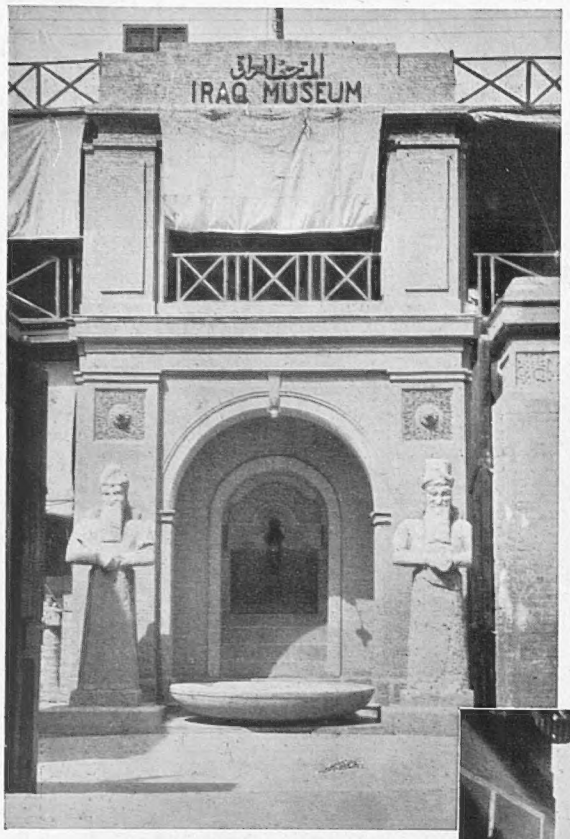


recently become engaged to Miss Joyce Wethered, the noted woman golfer. This hunt, which covers a country of big banks, woodland, and ploughland has a fine reputation in the West, and has the record of having had only four masterships in the past sixty-three years. The late Sir Ian Heathcoat Amory, who died in 1931 was in charge for twenty years, from 1910 to 1930

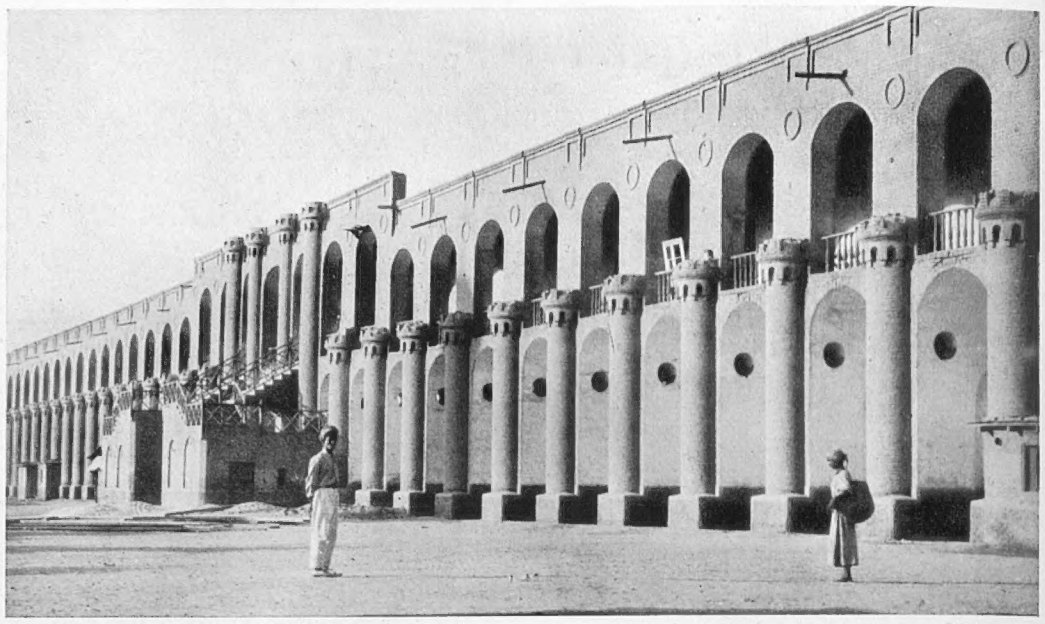


MOVING OFF TO DRAW: The Marquess of Abergavenny, who was Master of the Eridge from 1893 to 1929, riding with the Marchioness towards the first covert after the meet at Eridge Castle, the ancestral home of the Abergavenny family, the turrets of which can be seen in the background. Although custom decrees that fox-hunting proper does not start until November 1, this pack, together with several others, held their opening meet on the last day of October. They had the worst possible weather and the gales that swept the country tended to upset the scent. On the whole, however, the prospects for the season are good, and some of the leading hunts have got off the mark in great style





THE IRAQ MUSEUM, BAGDAD: A building dedicated to the late Miss Gertrude Bell, British woman traveller, antiquarian, and political administrator, whose portrait bust can be seen adorning the back of the porchway. The exhibits are devoted exclusively to finds made in Iraq, many of them being from Ur of the Chaldees



AN ARCHITECTURAL CURIOSITY: The Q'allun, or citadel, in Bagdad; a vast building of castellated columns and open archways, which is used largely as Government offices

IN THE COPPER BAZAAR: A glimpse of the old Bagdad where, working in semi-darkness, the ingenious smiths fashion domestic utensils and articles of adornment

The Iraq Coup d'Etat

The Army's Forcible Expulsion of the Government and What It Really Implies

THE change of government in Iraq last week, preceded by the bombing of Bagdad, took the world by surprise. Politicians in Bagdad since the war have come and gone and returned, the elections have been rigged; the principle of Box and Cox "was well understood, both by the Iraqis themselves and by foreigners interested in the stability of Iraq."

When, however, General Yassin Pasha al Hashimi, unquestionably the strongest individual man in Iraq, formed a sort of Coalition Cabinet in March of last year, most observers felt assured that it was in for a long term of office. That Cabinet has had many successes to its credit, both diplomatic and internal; and the heavy military element in it—it contained three generals, all of whom had fought with distinction in the great war, the Premier himself on the Turkish side, and the Foreign Minister and the Defence Minister on the Allied side—presupposed, what is vital in all Oriental States, the backing of the Iraq army.

But, as all the world now knows, General Jafar Pasha al Askeri is dead—killed by the Iraq army. General Yassin Pasha fled for his life to Syria; and General Nuri Pasha as Said is now an exile in Cairo. The dead Defence Minister and the refugee Foreign Minister had always identified themselves with the cause of the late King Faisal in Iraq, and the exiled Premier, though of yore in opposition to them, had in office come to see that a policy of moderation was the wisest in the interests of his country. Of a surety Yassin Pasha had not wilted in his Nationalistic sentiments.

That policy of moderation for which King Faisal stood has now been thrown overboard. And the young officers of the Iraq army, through the personality of General Bekir Sidky Pasha, have thrown it overboard. They have prevailed upon King Ghazi to appoint a Cabinet composed partly of Opposition politicians and partly of young Iraqis who appear to derive most from the lawyer class. It is a development of the highest significance, not only for Iraq, but also for the whole Middle East.

By the Anglo-Iraq Treaty of 1930 there can be no question of the oft-vilified "British interference." British commitments in the independent Arab State of Iraq, member of the League of Nations, are limited to helping defend Iraq from external aggression; and of such aggression there is now not the slightest mention.

Yet Britons are bound to ask themselves what effect this coup may have on the still considerable British interests in Iraq. Apart from individual commercial interests, the main pre-occupations of the British in Iraq are, first, the freedom of of the air route to the East, and secondly, the oilfields of the Iraq Petroleum Company (an international concern, but registered in London and with a British Chairman) in the north of Iraq.

To assume hurriedly that these interests will be adversely affected is premature. The new Premier, Hikmat Beg Suleiman, has already declared to the British Ambassador in Bagdad his intention to maintain cordial Anglo-Iraq relations; and he should be trusted to keep his word. There is indeed no obvious reason why he should not so keep it. The wealth that Iraq derives in royalties from the Iraq Petroleum Company (which is exporting annually some 4,000,000 tons of oil, and is paying to the Iraq Government a royalty of 4s. per ton) is considerable; and Iraq stands to gain nothing by refusing facilities to British aeroplanes in transit across Iraq. Quite soon, moreover, the R.A.F. base at Hinaidi, on the Tigris, will be moved to Dhibban, on the Euphrates, so that Bagdadis will not feel their prestige afflicted by the visible reminder that the British are still in Iraq for defence purposes.

(Continued on page 246)

Bagdad—Iraq's Unchanging Capital

Beneath the Surface, Still the City of the Arabian Nights

BAGDAD, astride the Tigris in Upper Iraq, the scene of a recent military *coup d'état*, is still an unspoilt Arabian city. True, when you emerge from the railway station and stroll down New Street, the city's principal thoroughfare, and note its new buildings, offices, banks, hotels, and restaurants, passing motor cars and people in modern dress, you are apt to conclude that Bagdad, like many another city in the East, has adopted Western methods. When you turn down its side streets and stroll along River Street, however, an entirely different picture is presented. Here are the lanes and by-streets which Haroun Al-Raschid and his faithful vizier walked, disguised, hundreds of years ago. Indeed, Bagdad remains an unspoilt Arab city of some 300,000 population. Its bazaars and *suks* are the most picturesque in the East, easily recalling the city of the Thousand-and-One-Nights.

Curiously enough, Bagdad is not an ancient city; that is, ancient when we remember that Iraq was the cradle of the human race, that here scholars place the site of the Garden of Eden, and here may be seen the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Ur of the Chaldees, and many other once famous cities. Iraq is at once the oldest, yet newest of nations—old in that she was the birthplace of early civilisation, and new in that it was only a year or so ago that she became an independent State and a member of the League of Nations. She is by no means an insignificant tract of country, seeing she has an area of 116,000 square miles, slightly larger than that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, with a population of about 3,000,000.

Bagdad was founded by the Caliph Mansur, in the year 762. He kept an army of 100,000 men constantly employed for four years at a cost, it is said, of some £9,000,000. Mansur was a man of exemplary character, severe in his official capacity, and extremely careful as to money. He was known as the "father of half-pennies." He named his city Dar-Es-Salaam, the City of Peace, which appellation was later discarded in favour of Bagdad, which is supposed to have been the name of a monk who served in a neighbouring church. In the time of Mansur's son, Haroun Al-Raschid, which means "Haroun the Wise," who reigned from 788–809, Bagdad reached its zenith. In those days it was the meeting-place of men of learning and culture from all over the then known world.

There is a subtle charm about Bagdad that grows upon you. I spent some time walking about its narrow, winding, crowded streets, catching sudden glimpses of glowing hidden courtyards, unexpected rays of light, a bright blue dome and minarets lit up at sunset. Crossing the river by the Maude Bridge, a pontoon structure built to replace the original one made by the British when they entered the town in 1918, I met a typical scene of the river's varied and kaleidoscopic life. All the amazing mixture of the East mingled with that of the West streams past you, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites—the dwellers of Mesopotamia—all creeds, all nations, camels, donkeys, mules, goats and sheep, motors of every type, from desert transports to the sporting motor-cycle. Camels with mountains of goods on their backs, next to sheikhs on exquisite horses, Jewish women in delicate pink silk *izars*, Muslim women, black, silent, closely veiled, Beduins, Persians, Iraqis of all sorts, some in dirty tatters, others in immaculate white and cream suits, black caps, black glasses, black Charlie Chaplin moustaches, and all pushing, jostling, talking, and shouting.

Once across the bridge I made my way down the river. Here were strings of donkeys carrying yellow bricks, *belems*, or native boats, laden with all kinds of fruit, grain, and other commodities, rafts piled high with brushwood and dried vegetation to be used as a fuel, and that curious craft, the *gufa*, a circular, wicker-work creation, seen only upon these waters. It is the oldest form of boat in the world. It is made of dried palm fronds and coated with bitumen.

As in many other Eastern cities, one finds special trades or professions allocated to definite quarters. On River Street are the silversmiths. They toil in little shops, and are said to have a secret process of engraving hand-beaten silver and treating it with antimony. The coppersmiths work in little dark chambers in the copper bazaars, and it is amazing the variety of articles they fashion—all kinds of domestic utensils as well as articles of adornment. They squat for hours on their haunches around a little central charcoal fire hammering away and often chanting and singing as they work. The pottery shops are always interesting, and here the potter may be seen at his wheel turning out jars, vases, cups and saucers, and other articles. The silk shops are a blaze of colour. Peep into any one of them and you will detect the shopkeeper almost lost among bales of the most lovely silks of the most gorgeous colours.

H. J. S.

A EUROPEAN SURVEY

The Stormy Radical Congress at Biarritz—Labour Wins in Norway — Corridoni the Fighter

A THREATENED SPLIT: M. Hirsch, one of the veterans who attended the recent Congress of the French Radical Party at Biarritz; a stormy gathering at which a formidable minority led by M. Emile Roche nearly precipitated a first class political crisis by bringing forward a motion that the Radicals should instantly withdraw from M. Blum's Popular Front Government as a protest against the excesses of the Communists and the way in which they dominated national affairs. Eventually, however, the crisis was averted and for a time at any rate the Premier can continue to rely on united Radical support

APPROBATION: Two more interesting types among the hundreds of Radical delegates at the Biarritz Congress which so nearly led to a permanent split in the party. Although all is now well it is clear that the Radicals are determined to have their say in the Popular Front Government and not to be dictated to any longer by the Communists with whom they are working in harness

MAKING THEIR PRESENCE FELT: Vociferous Radicals at Biarritz protesting in no uncertain terms against the views expressed by one of the speakers

NORWAY AT THE POLLS: The G.H.Q. of the Labour Party in Oslo on the morning after the elections when crowds gathered to watch the returns come through, six giant "thermometers" on the front of the building indicating the positions of the various parties from moment to moment. Labour maintained its ascendancy and M. Nygaardsvold (*inset on left*) will continue as Premier

A WARRIOR HONOURED: The great statue of Filippo Corridoni seen following its unveiling by Signor Mussolini at Corridonia, the Italian town named after him. Corridoni, who was an early political associate of the Duce and who was killed in the great war before the foundation of the Fascist movement, is looked upon as a national hero and as one who epitomises the modern-day Italian fighting spirit

A MODERN ARMADA: A section of the 160 S. 81 machines, the most formidable bombers in the Italian Air Force, on view during the 1936 Air Parade at Littorio Flying Field, near Rome. The planes have an action radius of 1,250 miles and can carry 3,300 lb. of high explosive. Their cruising speed is 186 m.p.h. and they could reach practically any European capital within seven hours of leaving Rome

Television for Fog Landings

One of the Latest Phases of Aeronautical Invention

"THAT necessity is the mother of invention" is one of those sayings which, though trite, are none the less true on that account. It is particularly applicable to the aeronautical world, and the demand for safe all-weather air transport has brought forth a number of inventions directed to provide safe means of landing air liners in fog and bad visibility generally. Some of these are already of proved worth and are in use in one form or another on various air routes. Others may never be of any practical use, and some again may contain the germ of an idea which, after long experiment and development, will prove an outstanding contribution towards solving the problems of air transport.

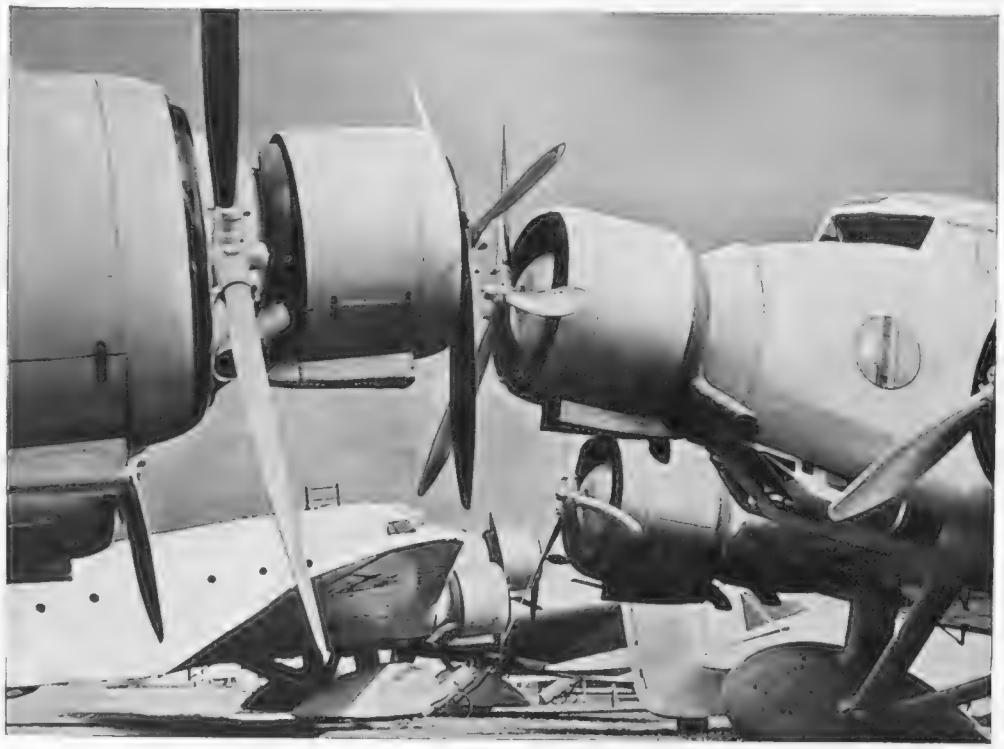
One of the inventions which falls in the first category is the Lorenz Blind Approach System for guiding aircraft to a safe landing in fog. This system is now being installed at Croydon Airport and has been in use for some time with great success on the Continent, particularly in Germany. The system, which was described in THE SPHERE of November 30, 1935, provides a wireless beam which is picked up by the instruments in the machine approaching the airport. It shows the pilot the correct horizontal path along which to fly, indicating to him by sound and visual signals whether he is to the right or to the left of the correct line. In conjunction with this wireless beam radio beacons throwing vertical signals notify him when he passes certain points on his course towards the airport, and indicate his distance from it. By his instruments he is enabled to follow the beam down to the ground and make a safe landing on the aerodrome under conditions of such bad visibility that he can see no landmarks.

This invention is already a proved success and when it is in working order at Croydon the airport of London will no longer lag behind the most up-to-date Continental airports as regards its bad weather equipment. No one would suggest that the Lorenz system represents perfection, and it is not surprising to find that the ideas of inventors have turned towards television as a means of guiding pilots through fog towards their airports and of making safe landings thereon.

A recently published patent specification by the Marconi Company suggests a use of television in this direction before long. Under the specification two wireless transmitters are used at the aerodrome and two receivers and a television reproducer in the aeroplane. One of the ground transmitters operates on a wave-length of 9 metres and is omni-directional, while the other is sharply directional and works on a very short wave-length, such as 50 centimetres. The signals

(Continued above)

AN S. 81 IN FLIGHT: This formidable type of Savoia-Marchetti bomber was completed and put into service by Italy during the closing stages of the Abyssinian war. It proved itself up to the hilt as a weapon of long-range offence



GIANTS IN REPOSE: A close-up of some of Italy's new Savoia-Marchetti three-engined bombers

FLYING NEWS

Current Developments in the World of Aviation

of the omni-directional transmitter give the name of the aerodrome, the direction of the wind, and other information which is reproduced on the right hand side of the television receiver screen in the aeroplane.

The other ground transmitter, which works on the very short wave-length, emits a sharply directional beam which is made to swing through an arc vertically. This transmitter is modulated by tone frequencies which vary with the degree of inclination of the beam. The signals are reproduced as a pattern of black bars on the left hand portion of the television screen in the aeroplane. Their number and position can be standardised for given positions so that the pilot will be aware of the necessary angle of glide by seeing one of these patterns.

As the pilot approaches the aerodrome from any direction the right hand portion of the picture will be picked up. On circling he will pick up the signals of the sharply directional beacon, shown on the left hand portion of his television screen as a pattern of black bars, and these will give him his correct direction for landing, and the pattern will show him at what angle he must glide down to earth.

C. D. Palmer

Growth of Italy's Air Power

New Long-distance Bombers for the Regia Aeronautica

Since the opening of the Italo-Abyssinian campaign last year the Italian Regia Aeronautica has been largely re-equipped and brought up to date. Previously its equipment left much to be desired though the old machines were quite good enough for successful operations in Abyssinia where no aerial opposition could be encountered. In the process of re-equipment particular attention has been paid to long distance bombers, and one of the bombing formations was recently supplied with 160 Savoia-Marchetti S.81 tri-motored monoplanes of the latest type. They were publicly shown for the first time at a great air review at the Littorio airport at Rome.

Some machines of this type had been tried out in the later stages of the Abyssinian campaign. They are in fact military developments of the civilian Savoia-Marchetti S.73 air liner which has been used by the Belgian Air Line (S.A.B.E.N.A.) on their Brussels-Croydon route since last year. Details of the performance of the bombers are incomplete but the military version is unlikely to be inferior to the air liner which has a top speed of 205 m.p.h. at 13,000 ft., carrying eighteen passengers in addition to the crew.

The military machine is credited with a cruising speed of 186 m.p.h., and can, of course, carry a weight of bombs, guns, and extra petrol equivalent to that of the eighteen passengers of the air liner. Normally about 3,300 lb. of bombs can be carried and the machine is claimed to have a range of about 1,250 miles and to be able to bomb the cities of almost every country in Europe with the exception of Scandinavia and Russia.

PALESTINE GOES BACK TO WORK

After Over Six Months of Inactivity

THE FORSAKEN HARBOUR AWAKES: Contrast this picture of the port of Jaffa during the Arab strike and campaign of violence, when all business was at a standstill, with that below showing a scene of bustling activity as the boatmen landed on the quayside goods and passengers from the first vessel to call following the official cessation of hostilities. This is only one of the cities of Palestine where trade has been making a rapid return to normal, and although acts of lawlessness have not stopped altogether, such "incidents" have occurred for the most part in the rural rather than the urban districts. It is estimated that while the strike was on Jaffa lost nearly £1,000,000 sterling

WELCOME STRANGER: The arrival of the first ship for unloading at Jaffa after the termination of the strike. It was greeted with joy by the boatmen, whose ardour for the cause had begun to wane after so many wageless months

THE FIRST DELIVERY: A consignment of cloth from a wholesaler being unloaded at a draper's shop in Jerusalem, when it opened for business after being closed since April

GO-AHEAD TEL AVIV: Jewish youths cheering as they drove through the streets of the all-Jewish city with the first lighter they had constructed for use in landing goods from visiting vessels. Until a few months ago Tel Aviv, although a busy industrial centre, had no pretensions to be a port, but it has now built a small jetty and in the next few years it may possibly rival neighbouring Jaffa. The money for this enterprise has been provided by a number of wealthy and public-spirited citizens

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SLUMS: *Above and below*—Two views of the spacious thoroughfare which has been made in the old quarter of Jaffa and occupies the site of condemned dwellings dynamited last June by the Royal Engineers. Many of the houses destroyed were hide-outs of agitators, and their removal thus served a dual purpose

ROADSIDE CAMEO: A woman guard, riding a donkey and with a rifle slung behind her back, examining the identity papers of a passing motorist; papers which every adult must now carry in his own interests. An everyday scene in the country round Madrid after General Franco had begun his advance on the city from three sides and it became necessary to keep a closer watch than ever for rebel spies attempting to find the least strongly held points in the defence

FLOATING GAOL: Red Guards at the door of the "courtroom" on board the *Uruguay*, the prison ship lying in the harbour of Barcelona where 500 rebels, many of them men of high birth, were incarcerated shortly after the outbreak of the civil war. Every day since then some of the prisoners have been brought before a tribunal and it is estimated that about 60 per cent of these have been condemned to death. This terror ship has already proved a trump card to the Communists, as they have threatened to blow it up if Franco bombs the city

FIGHTING IS THIRSTY WORK: A militiawoman drinking her fill during a halt in a village on the western Madrid front. Last week this region became the main centre of warfare and there the reds proved unable to resist the columns, one consisting another led by Colonel

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WITH THE AFGHAN ARMY

A Formidable Fighting Force Largely Modelled on Western Lines—Weapons of European Manufacture

STEEL HELMETS OF SOUTH-WESTERN ASIA: Typical infantrymen of the Afghan army which, under the present king, has been welded into an efficient fighting force modelled on Western lines. The pictures on this page showing its personnel follow up those in "The Sphere" of October 31 accompanying the article by Rosita Forbes describing the new Afghan military highway from Kabul across the Hindu Kush to Mazar i Sherif

HIGH ARMY OFFICERS, whose uniforms appear to be of distinctly German inspiration, arriving with other notables to attend a full dress parade at Kabul. *Below*—It is characteristic of the hardened infantryman that he can sleep in a shadeless spot in the full mid-day heat

QUENCHING A MIGHTY THIRST: Troops queueing up for their ration of water during a halt. *On left*—Shah Mahmoud Khan, Afghan Minister of War

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE: Members of the King's bodyguard, who represent the *élite* of the Afghan army and are specially chosen for their courage and trustworthiness. Their uniform is more ornate than that of other regiments. *On left*—Men taking a rest after a long march in the heat of the day. Their rifles, seen stacked beside them, are of British manufacture. The army also buys some equipment from Russia, Germany, and Austria

TUMULI OF CENTRAL AMERICA: In an area of less than a square mile round Guatemala City there are a hundred or more mounds similar to this, and the group, which is now being excavated properly for the first time, probably represents what was once the civic and religious centre of an extensive pre-historic Mayan community. Already a number of important discoveries have been made

ONE OF THE MOUNDS OPENED UP: After the archæologists started work they found that it contained several superimposed structures of pyramidal shape. Here we see the steps leading to the summit platform of pyramid Number Two. At its foot a tomb was brought to light

UNIQUE: This vessel, found in one of the tombs, is the only one wrought in the likeness of a fish that has ever been unearthed among Guatemalan ruins of purely Mayan origin

A FIGURINE OF BAKED POTTERY found in the tomb of the first mound to be excavated. It was used as a receptacle and made in two hollow parts fitting neatly together

EXCAVATING THE MAYAN RUINS OF GUATEMALA

New Links with an Ancient Civilisation

HUNTING FOR TROUBLE: The highly-sensitive noise detection equipment in the car tracked a cause of radio interference to this pole with its heavy power transformers. The pole was then tapped with a mallet, the vibration so set up revealing the nature of the fault to the man with the earphones. In this case it was a broken insulator

CANADA'S RADIO NOISE DETECTIVES

Their Success in Tracking Down Various Causes of Interference, thus Ensuring the Proper Reception of Wireless Broadcasts

THE Canadian Government maintains that radio listeners should enjoy reception without the grunts, growls, crackles, squeals, howls, and other noises caused by man-made static. To that end the Canadian Government employs a fleet of thirty-four automobiles, each equipped with the ultimate in sensitive radio receivers to hunt down the radio noises which start in power houses, electric trolley lines, X-ray machines, colourful flashing signs, electric door bells, washing machines, oil furnaces, electric toasters, loose electric light sockets, and any of the other electrical instruments of this electrical age.

At some time or other nearly every home is unwittingly the cause of some electrical noise which finds its way over the electric power lines and so is picked up by nearby radio antennae, spoiling the reception of an otherwise enjoyable programme. It may be a momentary noise, an intermittent disturbance, or a steady howl which mars the reception, but it is a noise which can be eliminated. A faulty extension cord in the home, a power line rubbing against a tree in a wind storm, a piece of haywire thrown across a power line, a cracked power line insulator, all these are causes of man-made static.

Not long ago in a Canadian country district there was an abundance of noise on the radio receivers. Several listeners phoned in to the nearest radio inspector and told him their trouble. A radio car was sent out, and on its way to the first complainant's house the absolute direction finding receiver in the car picked up a noise which answered that heard by the local listeners. The car travelled slower. The rotating loop aerial on the roof of the car was turned for maximum noise by the driver by means of a handle overhead.

After crossing a bridge the direction finding equipment went into reverse. The noise had been passed. The driver-engineer checked up, and at the same point the noise reversed on the sensitive receiver, that is it became less audible the farther the car went away. There were some poles carrying electric power lines in the river. The driver could not reach them, but headed for the nearest town. There he notified the power company, who sent out a boat and found a broken insulator on one of the poles. When fixed the noise disappeared. Listeners stopped complaining.

This is typical of the co-operation now practised between the Canadian radio noise detectives and the electric public utilities. When the noise detectives first hit the trail the power companies would not assist when the engineers found noise originating in lines of the power company. To-day the power companies have been shown that the Government's sensitive radio receivers can find troubles in the power house or on power lines long before the usual instruments employed by the power companies find trouble. Vast sums have been saved power companies by repairing equipment which the noise detectives found faulty on their receiver. In fact some power companies now have identical equipment to hunt noise and trouble, while the Government's engineers have special equipment including probing antennae which make it possible for them to trace the noise to the most intricate corners of power house machinery.

More and more sensitive receivers have increased the work of the noise sleuths since the modern receiver picks up noises its predecessors could not pick up. As a result Canada's noise detectives have found it necessary to learn to classify the causes of noises by the sounds heard in the receiver. They can even tell what causes a noise by a description of that noise. And for every noise making electrical instrument they have found some combination of condensers and coils which will eliminate the noise at small cost.

To make sure that all the interference hunting was not wasted legislation has recently been enacted making it a heavily punishable offence to fail to install eliminating equipment of proper electrical power after the radio noise sleuth has located the cause of man-made static. Canada's radio reception is to be free from inductive interference, the technical name for man-made static.

Any radio listener in the Dominion who has paid his annual 2-dollar licence fee can call on the local radio inspector to hunt down interfering noise. Sometimes the fault may be in the receiver, in which case the Government's receiver will not pick up the noise. Radio listeners are frequently asked to ascertain if their neighbours experience the same noise, and if so the interference car goes on the job. Sometimes one case may take weeks to solve, especially if the noise is of an intermittent kind, but most of to-day's cases can be traced in a few hours.

The success of the Canadian system has come to the notice of other countries, and many inquiries come to the Radio Interference Section of the Radio Branch, Department of Transport at Ottawa. Especially in the United States have public utilities, electrical manufacturers, automobile, and radio makers been in touch with the noise sleuths. From other parts of the Empire queries come also, as it is realised more and more that to make radio reception perfect inductive interference must be controlled or eliminated.

The interference hunting service has grown from a one-man affair in 1924 to its present highly specialised form with cars and test trucks stationed throughout the Dominion and touring all the settled regions periodically, while one or more cars are stationed in each of the larger cities on constant duty. Slowly the bug-bear of radio reception, man-made static, is being conquered by Canada's radio noise detectives.

James Montagnes

DETECTIVE ON WHEELS: An interior view of one of the latest models in Canadian radio interference hunting cars of which there are now 34. On the left is the direction finding receiver

RARE TREASURES FROM THE ROYAL TOMBS OF BYBLOS

Beyrout Museum's Display of Important Finds by French Archæologists Working on the Site of this Phœnician City

THE SARCOPHAGUS OF KING AHIRAM: One of the earlier discoveries made in the Syrian town, now called Jebiel, but once the Phœnician city of Byblos, where French archæologists are now at work. Ahiram reigned in the thirteenth century B.C. and was a contemporary of Rameses II, Egypt's great builder. The lettering on the edge of the sarcophagus lid is in Phœnician script and is said to be the most ancient known specimen of alphabetic writing

RELICS OF OLD PHŒNICIA: Three more treasures brought to light during the last two seasons' work at Byblos, the city referred to in the Bible story as that which supplied Solomon with skilled workers for the erection of the Temple at Jerusalem. The pictures, which are reproduced here for the first time and which were taken at Beyrout Museum, show: *Left*—A gold and silver knife of the fifteenth century B.C. *Centre*—An obsidian vase bound in gold. It was probably used as a perfume container and was given by Amenhotep IV of Egypt to the King of Byblos. *Right*—A vase of the eighteenth century with its handle attached to the stem

TREASURES of BYBLOS

An Account of the Remarkable Finds in this Phœnician City's Royal Tombs

BYBLOS TO-DAY: A few remaining standing pillars and others fallen on the ground on the site of the ancient Phœnician city which is now known as Jebiel and has lately been the scene of such intensive excavation. Stretching away in the distance are the lofty Lebanon Hills

JEBIEL, ancient Byblos, to-day an unimportant town on the Syrian coast, halfway between Tripoli and Beyrout, has been the scene of some interesting excavations. Here a group of French archæologists, toiling on behalf of the Syrian National Museum of Beyrout, have been rewarded with many valuable finds. They have unearthed an ancient Egyptian temple and in the royal tombs of Byblos discovered a number of interesting treasures.

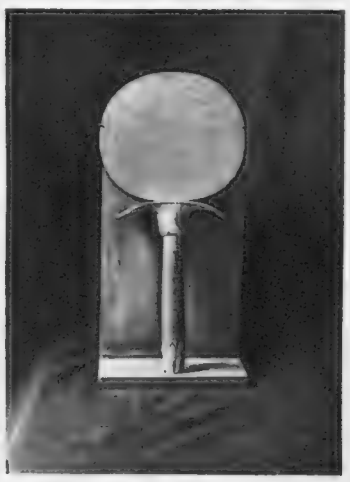
In Old Testament times Byblos was an important Phœnician city. The Jews called the place Gebal and its inhabitants Gebalites. It was from here that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent skilled workers in stone to assist Solomon in the erection of the Temple at Jerusalem (I Kings V. 18). Then Ezekiel (XXVII. 9) refers to the men of Gebal as "calkers of all the ships of the sea," evidence that Byblos was a shipbuilding centre. It was famous as the birthplace of the worship of Adonis, and Philo, who was born here, tells how many devotees were attracted to the splendid temple of Astarte erected here. As Phœnician influence waned so the prosperity of Byblos gradually declined. In 1103 it was taken by the Crusaders who erected a castle here.

To-day the site of Byblos is marked by a row of standing pillars, while scattered on the ground are numerous fallen columns, entablatures, bases, and capitals, bespeaking its former grandeur. Just beyond these columns, towards the bay, a fairly extensive area of ground has been excavated during the past year. Here were found the remains of an Egyptian temple and in it many altars and burial places. Byblos' extensive necropolis also received attention and here many of the tombs of its ancient kings were located and explored. In them were found a number of interesting treasures, throwing valuable light on the history, art, commerce, and customs of those early times.

AN OBSIDIAN COFFER BOUND IN GOLD: It was presented by King Amenhotep IV of Egypt to King Byblos Ip Chemon Abi. The workmanship is that of the eighteenth century B.C.

THE AREA EXCAVATED IN THE LAST TWO SEASONS: The obelisks towards the left mark the site of an Egyptian temple where altars and tombs were found

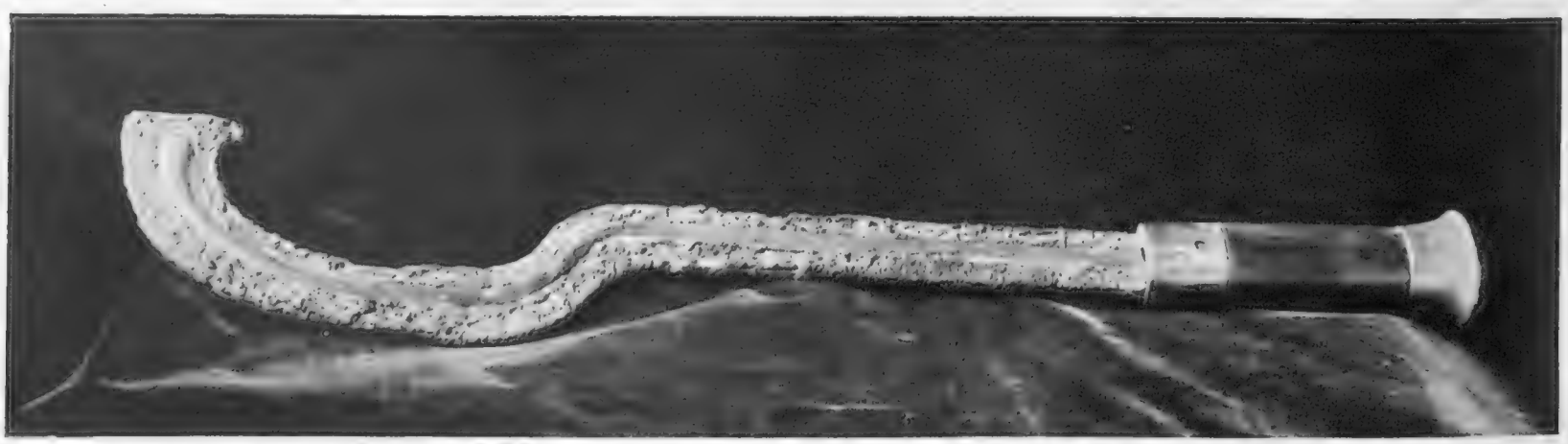
Through the courtesy of the National Museum in Beyrout, THE SPHERE is enabled to reproduce the first photographs to be taken of the more important of these treasures from the royal tombs of Byblos. The articles found in the tombs include coins, scarabs, pieces of jewellery, pottery articles, beautiful vases, daggers and knives elaborately chased and wrought in both silver and gold and other metals, and a sceptre belonging to one of the early kings of Byblos. It is of bronze decorated with a serpent pattern inlaid with gold. The name of the king, Ip Chemon Abi, son of Abi Chemon, is in hieroglyphics, and dates from the thirteenth century B.C. There is a beautiful obsidian coffer, or incense box, bound in gold, on the cover of which is an inscription indicating that it is a gift from Amenhotep IV of Egypt to the King of Byblos. The Pharaoh refers to himself as "Master of the two earths, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of Heliopolis, to whom is given eternal life."



WROUGHT IN SILVER: *Left*—A vase found in the tomb of Chemon Abi and bearing a striking resemblance to a modern teapot. *Right*—A hand mirror, with the handle designed to represent a pillar

Byblos will ever be famous for the ancient Phœnician script found there. It is written on the edge of the lid of the sarcophagus of Ahiram, King of Byblos, who reigned in the thirteenth century B.C., contemporary with Rameses II, Egypt's greatest builder. The inscription claims to be the most ancient specimen of known alphabetical writing. It has been translated by M. René Dussand, member of the French Archæological Institute, as follows: "Itabaal, son of Ahiram, King of Jebeil (Byblos), has made this sarcophagus for Ahiram his father for his eternal habitation. And if a king among the kings or a governor among the governors encamp against Jebeil and uncover this sarcophagus, the sceptre of his power will be broken, his throne will be overthrown, but peace will reign over Jebeil. As to him, his posterity will be annihilated by the sword." This script has proved invaluable as an important link in the evolution of the alphabet.

Harold J. Shepstone



THE SCEPTRE OF KING BYBLOS IP CHEMON ABI (DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.) NOW IN BEYROUT MUSEUM

The blade is of bronze decorated with an elaborate serpentine pattern inlaid with gold, while the monarch's name is engraved upon it in hieroglyphics

RIVALLING WEMBLEY'S EMPIRE POOL: The swimming bath, which will have accommodation round it for some 23,000 spectators, and will be capable of transformation into an ice hockey rink, in course of completion at Earl's Court, where it forms part of the £900,000 sport and exhibition centre due to be opened next February. Reinforced concrete is the principal medium of construction and architecturally the place will strike a distinctly modern note

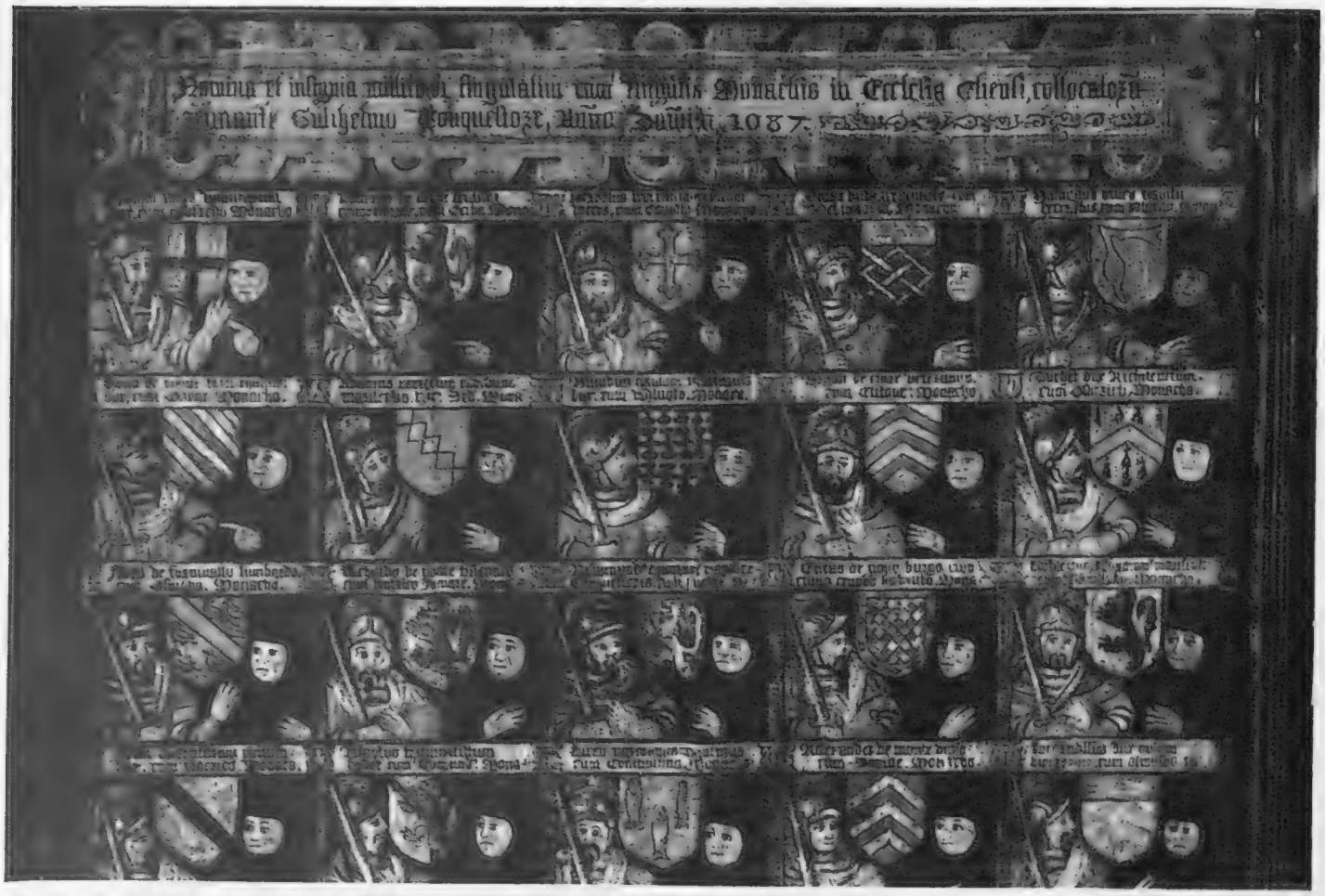
TWO MIGHTY UNDERTAKINGS

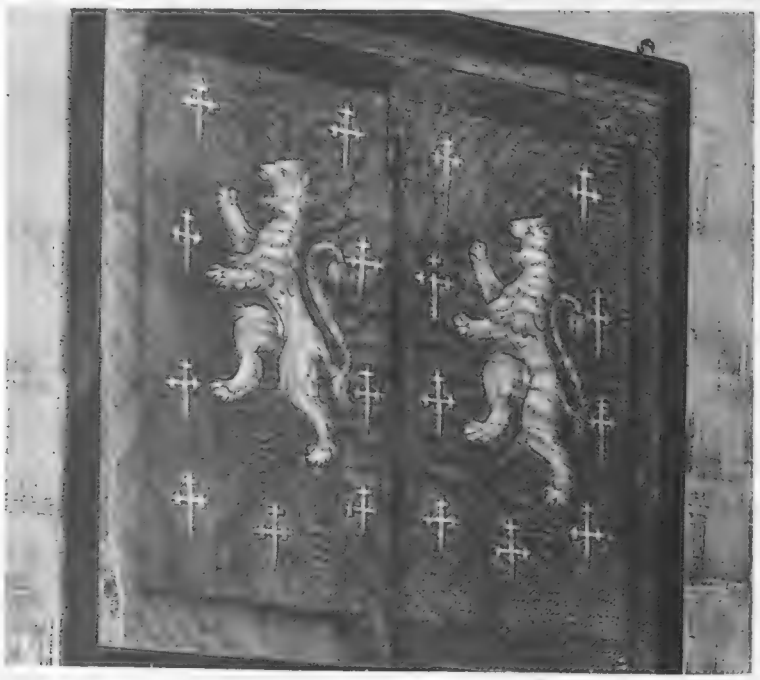
The New Earl's Court and the Kincardine Swing Bridge

GREAT BRITAIN'S LONGEST ROAD BRIDGE INAUGURATED: The new £327,000 structure over the Forth at Kincardine, forming an important and much needed highway link between East and West Scotland, was opened last week by Lord Elgin, Lord Mar and Kellie, and Mr. C. E. Horsbrugh, conveners of the counties of Fife, Clackmannan, and Stirling, who performed the ceremony jointly. The left hand picture shows the Fife approach to the bridge and the 1,600-ton swing span in process of opening to provide passage-way for shipping. *Right*—The operator of the swing span in his control cabin

BIRMINGHAM'S HERALDIC ART EXHIBITION

Special "Sphere" Pictures Showing Some of the More Outstanding Items in a Magnificent and Varied Display Covering the Whole Pageant of English History





THE BANNER OF COLONEL HOPTON carried on behalf of King Charles in the civil war. *Above on right*—The two great seals of Richard I, the one bearing two lions "combattant" and the other three leopards

THE GREAT ELY TABULA: Part of the mighty record, painted on canvas, bearing the names, coats of arms, and portraits of local benefactors. A fine example of an early roll of arms

LENT BY QUEEN MARY: A detailed view, and also a view showing the setting, of a fine bibelot discovered by Her Majesty; a miniature wood-carving of the arms of William III. *Left*—Silver pilgrim bottles (1701–1702) forming part of the Marlborough plate loaned by Earl Spencer, one of the originators of the idea of holding the present Birmingham display

SIXTY FEET OF GLITTER AND COLOUR: A section of the famous Westminster Roll painted to celebrate the great tournament arranged by Henry VIII in honour of Katharine of Aragon. This is perhaps the most notable exhibit in the Birmingham display. It bristles with gay and animated figures

THE ARMS OF SIR THOMAS WHITE, Merchant Tailor and Citizen of London. The inscription below bears testimony in flowery language to the knight's character and generosity with his money

RELIC OF THE LAST CORONATION: An inkstand bearing the Royal arms and containing the pen actually used by King George V when signing the Royal oath. *Below*—The seventeenth-century Bellendaine banner (lent by the Duke of Buccleuch) carried at the funeral of Walter, 1st Earl of Buccleuch

The Birmingham Art Gallery, which has arranged so many fine exhibitions in the past, has excelled itself with its display of Heraldic Art which was opened this week by Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston, Garter Principal King of Arms. The variety of the exhibits is very striking and nothing like it has ever before been seen out of London. The accompanying pictures, specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis, show some of the more outstanding items, but it would take many pages to do real justice to this collection which makes such a strong appeal both to the lover of art and the student of history

BEFORE ELVIRA'S HOUSE: The setting for Act II, Scene I, in Mozart's *Don Juan*, one of the five productions being given by the Dresden State Opera Company during its short season in London. This is the first time that a foreign company paying a visit to Covent Garden has brought over its own orchestra and all properties

"GOING PLACES—": June Knight, Arthur Riscoe, and Olga Baklanova are the stars of this bright musical comedy at the Savoy. The first-named hails from America and has scored quite a personal success with her singing and dancing

STAGE and SCREEN

An Odd Play at the Comedy: "Till the Cows Come Home"—a Political Allegory that Misfires

By PHILIP PAGE

RATHER a long time ago a play called *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* amused London for a while. That was in the days before even the silent films became generally popular and when hearty fun in rural American districts, coupled with crude sentimentality, had its public. Judging by the first-night enthusiasm which greeted *All-in Marriage* at the Comedy Theatre, a section of that public still exists. The extent of that section remains to be seen.

This play is a perfect specimen of its type. Its humour is ingenuous. It is wholly devoid of subtlety. It bustles along in an obvious way and its characters, though ill-assorted and strange to most of us, are also obvious in that one knows precisely what they will do or say—in so far as one is sufficiently interested even to attempt to prognosticate.

The whole of the action takes place in a room in the house of a judge in a small American town, and although an English company does not attempt the American accent, the atmosphere is quite alien. The judge is played by that admirable actor, Mr. Harcourt Williams, who knowing apparently as little as I do about how a minor American judge looks and behaves, made him resemble an Oxford don. Of course he may have been right. For a whole act his family do next to nothing beyond discussing at length domestic details and helping the youngest son, an unpleasant youth, with his cross-word puzzles.

At the next stage the family shout farcically. It seems that the unmarried daughter, played with barley-sugar sweetness by pretty Miss Cora Goffin, can't get on with her fiancé because he objects to her dabbling in municipal politics; that one married daughter hates her husband because he is too attentive, and the other because he is not attentive enough; that the judge's wife is fed up generally and, in particular, because she is married; that the spinster aunt is fed up because she is a spinster and yearns for the children she will never have. Even the judge is worried because political opponents are trying to oust him from his job. The job cannot have been worth worrying about overmuch, for the family appeared to be living in utter discomfort and a sort of log cabin, without a servant. When most of the cast shouted simultaneously about domestic difficulties there were peals of laughter in which, albeit in the most amiable mood, I was unable to join.

This odd stuff was ably interpreted (in addition to the aforementioned good performances by Miss Goffin and Mr. Williams) by Miss Violet Fairbrother, Mr. Ralph Roberts, Miss Griselda Hervey, and other clever people.

ETERNAL TRIANGLE: Captain La Roche (Warner Baxter), the hard-fighting, hard-drinking, nerve-racked soldier; Monique (June Lang), a hospital nurse; and Lieutenant Michel Denet (Fredric March) in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, *The Road to Glory*—the spectacular war picture which was presented last week at the Empire, Leicester Square. June Lang—the latest Fox discovery—is very pretty and can act, rising easily to the demands made on her, and revealing distinct personality

STAGE TWINS: Edith Evans (left) dressed for her part as Lady Fidget in the Old Vic production of Wycherley's Restoration comedy, *The Country Wife*. Sitting beside her is Irene Browne who is to appear in the same role in Gilbert Miller's forthcoming New York presentation of the play

"Till the Cows Come Home."—If the author of *Till the Cows Come Home*, at the St. Martin's, was seeking—as I think he was—to prove that an able man in public life can make an egregious ass of himself in private, he should have kept his breath to cool his porridge. When he has proved it, what does it prove? Just nothing at all.

If there is some stinging irony in a Cabinet Minister (the Minister for War?) preaching that attack is the best form of defence, and then in his native village coming a cropper over organising yokels into an amateur army to rescue some cows from an aggressive farmer who had detained them because they had strayed into his field, the irony missed fire sadly. It is not the business of a Cabinet Minister, however young and brilliant, to deal with errant cows, even when the part is played with great charm and intelligence by Mr. Leslie Banks. If he bungles the job it does not follow that he should be sacked from the Cabinet. Nor is the policy that England *should* be strongly armed shattered because the man who advocates it finds the settlement of a rustic squabble not so easy as he thought.

In short, Mr. Kerr's political allegory, which seems to be insisted upon, is a bit of a muddle

As for Miss Adrianne Allen, she gave a supremely lovely performance as a girl who lived in the country—calm, philosophical, and attractive—and kept cows because that was her idea of the complete life. To hit the right note cannot have been easy. But Miss Allen did hit it, bang in the middle. This is the best thing she has ever done, and possibly the outstanding acting success of the whole year.

Royal Philharmonic Concert.—I must congratulate the venerable, but lively, Royal Philharmonic Society, whose season is now in full swing, on choosing programmes which are, to put it mildly, not of an ear-tickling variety. But at their concert at the Queen's Hall last week the pioneer policy was pushed to extremes. Certainly we had the familiar Piano Concerto of Schumann, played not so very well by Herr Rudolf Serkin who, in spite of much head-wagging and arm-flourishing, never brought out the true beauty of the music; he gave the impression of not caring much for the work.

For the rest there was a new overture by Signor Castelnuovo-Tedesco, who conducted it. This was all very well as far as it went, but it did not go very far. The whole of the second half of the programme was devoted to Mahler's immense song-cycle, "Das Lied von der Erde." This seemed to fulfil to perfection the ideal of the modern musical Germans, as embodied in the ditty—

"Their music, ah, the music of the future it will be,
It's very sad, it's very long, and it's minus melodee."

After an hour or so of this I became determined that not for a long time do I wish to hear again music of the Mahler brand. Why write songs without a vocal line at all and with orchestrations so thick that any singer would be drowned?

Mr. Julius Harrison, deputising at short notice, conducted superbly.

THAT COME HITHER and Sally Gray have some amusing lines in *Over She Goes*, the Saville Theatre's so-called "musical tantivy." LOOK! Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff is also in the cast

PROPHETIC PROBINGS: Patty (Gertrude Musgrove), the young actress who is secretly married to the rakish son of respectable Victorian parents—at a time when alliances with stage folk were taboo in polite society—consults a fortune-teller at Twickenham Regatta in the hope of finding out something about her in-laws. An entertaining episode from *The Two Bouquets*, the musical comedietta at the Ambassadors Theatre by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon

"Murder in the Cathedral."—There could be no more striking proof of the fallacy of the "give the public muck and nothing but muck" policy adopted by so many (though not all) theatrical managers than the success of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

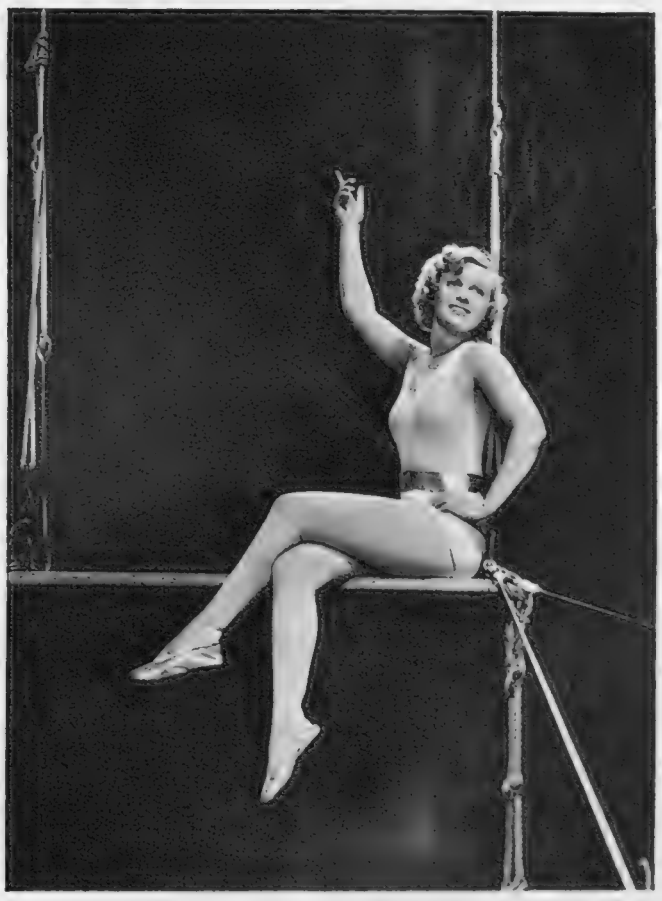
Rarely has there been a less sensational play, in spite of its murder. It is closely reasoned, slow in action, difficult and even obscure in much of its argument; full of poetry which, though beautiful, is never immediately or flamboyantly so and, above all else, it is scholarly and austere. Yet, having run for close on 300 performances at a small outlying theatre—the Mercury, Notting Hill—it has been transferred to the Duchess. Here it should have—and I think it will have—a long run.

Of course, it is a play for intelligent people. It need not be ashamed of that. There can even be comfort in the thought that there are far more intelligent people in this country than some Big Noises in the theatre world (and even in the journalistic world) would ever be willing to admit. These Noises are so used to playing down to the public that they are blind to the fact that there is a considerable section of the public which does not want to be played down to. But I digress.

This story of Becket is unlike any other play. It is profoundly unlike the Tennysonian treatment of the theme which was one of Henry Irving's trump cards—and much more profound. Sometimes Mr. T. S. Eliot's imagination goes astray; I have, for instance, never seen a purple bullfinch, which the Archbishop talks about. Perhaps he saw one in his early and unregenerate days of "wine, women, and song" and perhaps he saw it blowing a silver trumpet.

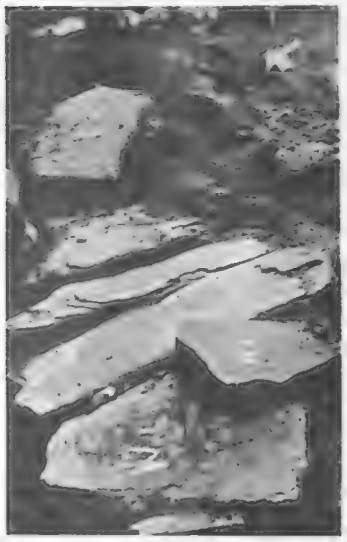
I do not like the chorus of talking women, Greek fashion. Unison talking is essentially an ugly matter and nullifies even the loveliest poetry; to me it always suggests the droning of a village school heard by the passing pedestrian—and it is essentially pedestrian. But these are minor matters. The play is on the whole immensely impressive and intensely beautiful.

and harms rather than helps his play. Fortunately, the play is in itself so amusing that this does not harm it very seriously. All it does is to make the central character somewhat indeterminate; had this been in less capable hands than those of Mr. Banks the result might have been awkward. As an original and subtle comedy in a truly rural setting *Till the Cows Come Home* is slight but quite delightful. Mr. Kerr has conveyed the right atmosphere of peaceful rusticity in that country house where an over-worked politician is having a restless rest cure. His country folk—particularly Mr. H. R. Hignett, Mr. Alexander Field, and Miss Marjorie Fielding—are real. They are diverting but not caricatures. Mr. Marcus Barron, who continues his series of exquisite character studies with a consistent success that is almost uncanny, here shows us in a few seconds all the platitudinous pomposity of Harley Street. The privileged familiarity of the years-in-the-family butler is portrayed by Mr. Charles Groves with equal ability.



THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR: *Left*—Although jealousy is raging in the heart of one of the men who has determined to kill the other because of his rivalry for the hand of their beautiful colleague, the Three Maxims (Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati, and Anna Neagle) line up for the rise of the curtain, prelude to a trapeze act of breathtaking thrills which all but culminates in disaster. *Right*—Anna Neagle as the girl acrobat. These two scenes are from the new Herbert Wilcox film, *The Three Maxims*, which last week had its London première at the Leicester Square Theatre and is notable for its good photography and direction

THIS ANCIENT HOLY WELL, brought to light a short while ago on a Cornish farm, is to be restored by the St. Austell Old Cornwall Society and opened to public view next year in commemoration of the Coronation. The well, which was built of Pentewan stone in the early middle English or Gothic style, was probably associated with a monastic order of the fourteenth century. The farm near which it stands was for a long time the home of the Sawle family, and Mrs. Cobbold Sawle, daughter of the late Sir Charles Graves Sawle, is taking a keen interest in the work of restoration



PREHISTORIC BURIAL PLACES IN SCOTLAND: These cists, one shown before and the other after opening, were recently discovered in the garden of Fort Augustus Monastery, Inverness. Three sets of human remains were found at the same time, and there is certain evidence to show that they were Beaker people, a mysterious race whose origins are at present the subject of intensive research

A COUNTRY CURIOSITY: An old "clap" gate at Wilcote, near Charlbury, Oxfordshire, its bars ingeniously adapted so that walkers can lower them at one end when passing from the one field to the other

IN RURAL BRITAIN

The Jay and the Brown Owl

Two Birds of Character whose Activities Compel Attention at this Season of the Year

By MURIEL W. HAYWOOD

PASSING through the woodlands filled with the rich colours of the autumnal season, from time to time a glimpse may be caught of a certain marauder—the wily jay. He is undoubtedly a handsome fellow, but his propensities are such that he may truly be ranked amongst the villains of the piece—that is, as far as bird life is concerned. The small birds hold him in abhorrence, for they know only too well that in some of his ways he is nothing less than cannibalistic, and that these ways of his will often bring destruction and bereavement upon them. For the jay will endeavour to search out the nest wherever it may be placed, in tree, or hedgerow, or elsewhere, and once he has discovered it he will show no mercy to its contents, but will straightway proceed upon his ruthless work.

A pair of thrushes—as it may be—have made their home within a thickly growing evergreen. Here they had planned for, and had reason to expect, safety. But no. The enemy has tracked them down. Their arch-enemy—the jay—has spied upon them and is but awaiting a favourable opportunity. Then comes the moment when he is at the nest. The concealing twigs are broken or pushed aside, and when this is done he sets to work and the luckless nestlings are done to death. His aim achieved, away then flies the robber with his booty, leaving the unhappy parents to survey the ruin.

"THE WILY JAY": A woodcut by G. Elmslie Owen of a bird whom all the smaller fry hold in abhorrence "for they know," writes Muriel Haywood, "that in some of his ways he is nothing less than cannibalistic"

A pathetic tale, but one that is only too true, unfortunately; for the jay is one amongst the many enemies—human and otherwise—against whom the birds have to contend. And so it is with justice that they hate him. To-day, amid the dazzling colours of the countryside, not only may he be seen but his voice can continually be heard as, with loud and raucous cries he moves from tree to tree searching for the acorns that now hang ripe and bronzed amongst the leaves of those oak trees which have reached maturity; leaves which are still clinging to the branches in varying shades of gold and russet, deep green, and copper—in that vivid medley of fine colour which characterises the country landscape at the time.

It can be said that like everyone—even the worst—the jay too does possess some good points. And during much of the year his diet is for the greater part a vegetarian one; but it is with regard to his predilection for eggs and young birds that he creates so black a case against himself. And many are the small lives which, if it were not for him, would help to fill the countryside with song and beauty, and which instead pay forfeit to his greed. Wicked he certainly is, but he is also beautiful to behold in the rufous colour scheme of his plumage—touched with black and white and blue upon the wing. Thus the jay.

At this period of the year the brown owl, too, has become somewhat more noticeable. His soft call breaks pleasantly into these autumnal nights. He is full of activity; he proves himself to be a real friend of mankind, and he does both good and useful work as he pursues these activities of his. For chiefly his food consists of rats and mice and the like, or even sometimes a rabbit may be added to his fare. So in pursuing and securing these—as is the habit of the owls — they show themselves to be amongst the most helpful of our bird allies.

And as such they should be universally respected and strictly protected. The owls are a typical feature of our countryside, and it is lamentable how in some parts they are even to-day still hunted down and wantonly slaughtered. It is a proceeding which is both cruel and entirely foolish to kill this harmless and most useful creature; these owls who spend the greater part of their lives in the destruction of some of our greatest pests.

YOUNG BROWN OWLS: Fluffy baby birds grouped at the edge of the nest. Their appetites are well-nigh insatiable

In the latter part of the springtime, when the brown owls have a young family to cater for, their energies are boundless. And the appetites of their children are insatiable—so to the nursery an endless relay of rats and mice, and other delicacies dear to their hearts, are duly conveyed by the parents, and eagerly disposed of. By these means do the provident owls confer a double benefit, on themselves and on mankind in general. Tu-whit, tu-whoo, there the "owl in the belfry sits" . . . In his appearance he certainly has the look of wisdom—the great eyes rimmed as with a scholar's spectacles. One would seem to picture him as he sits poised high in his niche up in the belfry gazing through the thickly clustering ivy with a profound and silent philosophy upon the world beneath him.

So perches the wise owl and cogitates. And later on, when the cold and leafless days of the winter have gone by; and the bright and ever renewing touch of early spring is on the land, then comes the time when the homely pair of birds will embark upon their domestic duties and establish themselves in some appropriate nook. A hole perchance within some aged tree trunk; barren of all except the natural lining of the soft, decaying wood. The ways of these birds are full of interest; but their movements are so very largely nocturnal—this even to a greater degree than those of many others of their species. This fact adds very considerably to the difficulties of any close observation of their habits as, dusky and noiseless, they work and wander through the shadows of the night

PERSONALIA

QUEEN OF THE ICE? Sixteen-year-old Cecilia Colledge, Britain's star woman figure skater, in action at the Palais des Sports, Paris, where her polished performance recently aroused the enthusiasm of a capacity crowd. Now that the inimitable Sonja Henie, of Norway, has turned professional, Miss Colledge is regarded as her probable successor as European and World champion. Her London admirers had an opportunity of seeing her this week when, together with several American stars, she arranged to appear at the first big ice gala of the season at Westminster Ice Rink

FROM ETHIOPIAN PALACE TO ENGLISH "PREP." SCHOOL: Prince Makonnen, 13-year-old son of Haile Selassie, with fellow pupils at St. Christopher's, Bath, where he has just started school and is already a general favourite

AN INTERNATIONAL FIGURE: Dr. Malbran, Argentine Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, with Dr. Lamas (right), the Argentine Foreign Minister who arrived in London last week and has since been entertained at dinner both by King Edward and by the Government. Dr. Lamas, who is a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, was President of the last League of Nations Assembly

THE CONTEST FOR THE BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP, offered by the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, was won by Lieutenant M. R. Gardner, the Army champion who carried all before him and in his first round had a record score of 66. He is seen on the right of the left hand picture with Mr. S. C. Millard, a fellow competitor, and in the right hand picture with the Western Brothers who turned up to congratulate him

GERLYS AND LYDIA: Two accomplished young dancers who will shortly be seen at the Piccadilly Hotel where there is always a good floor show. Their first appearance will be on Monday, November 16

CORONATION

GETTING READY FOR MAY 12: A sculptor at work in a Manchester studio modelling the Royal arms in clay. From this thousands of reproductions will be cast in papier mâché and finished off in colours

ONE of the many historic aspects presented by the Coronation of King Edward VIII is that it will be the first in which architects have been asked to take part in a comprehensive way in the planning of the decorations. The public may think that the Advisory Board should consist solely of artists, but that is not really desirable. People do not realise that the problem is a practical one and should be handled by practical experts in view of the traffic difficulties, structural support, and the need for speedy and easy erection and removal of the decorations. These will last for about two weeks. Their erection will begin at least a week before the day of the Coronation, which takes place on a Wednesday, and will continue until the end of the week following.

The selection of materials is an all-important point. They must obviously be durable and also to some extent fireproof. There is always a danger of the public's cigarette ends. For this reason it is hoped that flimsy paper garlands will be avoided by the municipal authorities. Another very serious point which must be watched by these bodies is that the banners, bunting, and other decorations will not unduly affect the view from the various windows, as many people will have paid anything up to 25 guineas for a seat, and it would be scarcely fair if their view was obscured to any great extent. Thus, banners will have to be at right angles in Whitehall and many other positions.

Mr. Grey Wornum, F.R.I.B.A., who is one of the committee of three architects selected in an advisory capacity (the others being Sir James West, F.R.I.B.A., and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A.), has expressed the hope to me that individual shopkeepers and householders should organise with one another in producing some degree of continuity. Mr. Grey Wornum pointed out that it was all-important that the scale of decorations should be as large as possible. Only really big stores ought to be tempted into individual self-assertion. Fortunately, special permits for carrying cables across the street can only be granted by the local authorities, and in the case of Westminster and Marylebone these permits will not easily be granted owing to the width and importance of the streets. In the City of London, where streets are narrow, it has always been the practice to use overhead cables to support decorations.

In the City it has already been decided to floodlight certain of Wren's churches; but it would not be surprising if at the last minute the police stopped some of the floodlighting in the West End because of the huge crowds that this is sure to create. It may be revealed that great efforts will be made to have illuminated decorations, and Mr. Grey Wornum in particular is advocating the scheme of having the masts and banners down the centre of the route floodlit so that the streets would look as gay by night as by day. Unfortunately, however, practically the whole of the Royal Processional route through the West End is gas-lighted. This means that there is more danger of fire than if electricity were used. On the other hand, it makes it possible to have naked gas flames as part of the illuminations. Anyone who has ever been in a London fog will realise how effective these are.

Box floodlights at safe distances from any inflammable material will also be possible, and, as before, the flowers in St. James's Park and the trees in Hyde Park may be illuminated. One electrical company offered to light all the trees in the parks free, but their scheme of planting in the upper branches illuminated Cheshire cats was not received favourably.

Many have been the suggestions—most of them impractical—forwarded to the Advisory Board. Thus, arches across the road would obstruct the view considerably. Another bright idea was to turn London into a Tudor city, and to follow as far as possible the decorations in the time of Henry VIII. This was also rejected.

One of the difficulties in erecting the masts along the streets is that the sockets which exist in the pavement every 70 ft. (have you ever noticed them?) are only 2½ ft. deep owing to the proximity of the electric cables, and therefore cannot take a mast any taller than those used at the Jubilee.

When I asked how much money would be spent by the Office of Works on the decorations, Mr. Grey Wornum replied sagely that it was inadvisable to make this known because, whatever the sum might be, one half of the public would say that it was too much, and the other half would say that it was too little. All that can be disclosed is that the Office of Works intends to spend at least as much on decorating the parks and the public buildings as the City of Westminster intends to spend on decorating its route. Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the National Gallery will, of course, be floodlit. One takes for granted that individual buildings such as Bush House will try to secure permission to be floodlit, and will decorate themselves in an original fashion.

Generally speaking, however, the experts rightly consider that it is more important to decorate the great buildings handsomely than to spend large sums of money on what the roads alone can carry. Which brings us to the possibility of decorating the huge wooden police palisades that will once again be called into use to hold back the crowds in the side streets. At the Jubilee they looked noticeably out of harmony with the general colour scheme.

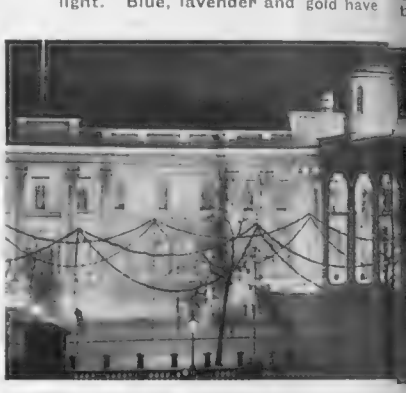
For the Coronation seven colours have already been selected by the British Colour Council. These are a signal red, garter blue, jade green, gold, silver grey, peacock, and pigeon grey. And very attractive they look in the advance copy of sample colours which I have been shown.

Other problems which face the responsible architects include the difficulty of preventing the decorations—in this case the masts—from being climbable. On great occasions the public will shin up anything in their desire to get a good view. It is possible, therefore, that barbed wire may be used on the masts, which in any case will be designed so as to provide no foothold.

So much for what can be controlled by the responsible authorities. But the bulk of the decorations will be dependent for their artistry

AN EFFECTIVE DESIGN: How a famous Holborn store adorned its façade for the Silver Jubilee celebrations last year. The illuminated vertical columns with portrait medallions in between proved a thoroughly striking combination

LAMP-STANDARD ADORNMENT: The two Council in their Coronation decora is of medieval inspiration and clever right bearing the Royal monogram light. Blue, lavender and gold have



A SCHEME TO FOLLOW: The National darkness and strikingly silhouetted background. An example of clever important London buildings with

THE ILLUMINATED HORSE GUARDS FROM floodlighting with the pleasing light

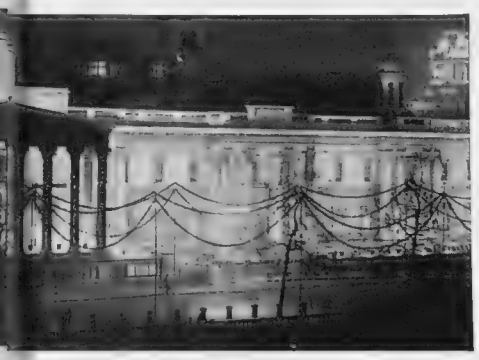
NOT SO GOOD: The Middle Temple—a A method that fails to do justice to the

PLANS AND PROBLEMS

How the Advisory Board is Tackling the Question of London's Decoration

By CHARLES GRAVES

designs which will be used by Westminster City tion scheme for the borough. That on the left ly disguises the single lamp, while that on the below the crown, is designed for a double been chosen as the colours for these hangings



Gallery with the pillars of the main façade left in against the brightly illuminated portico in the floodlighting which could be adapted to other equal success when the Coronation comes along

ST JAMES'S PARK: Another example of good and shadow effects once again in evidence

blaze of light during floodlighting experiments. beauty of the architecture and lacks dignity

and quality on individual members of the public. Shopkeepers and others who own large buildings and who intend to have them floodlit are going to be urged to be very discriminating, particularly in the use of coloured floodlighting. Although beautiful effects can be produced by this medium of decoration, there is a great danger of its being spoilt by excess. Nobody wants London to look like a fun fair, and that is what might easily happen if responsible persons do not appreciate that it is better to emphasise certain architectural qualities of a building than to splash the floodlighting indiscriminately. In this respect Germany is far in advance of Great Britain. German architects and municipal authorities realise the importance of deliberately leaving a background of darkness and thus making the light and shadow harmonious. I shall never forget the magnificent spectacle presented by Cologne Cathedral when it was floodlit for the first time some years ago.

Among the very practical schemes for the Coronation is the manufacture of a specially treated rubber fabric for the vertical or horizontal draping of façades, which is available in the approved Coronation colours. Flags, it is being pointed out, should not be used indiscriminately. They look much better in clusters of similar colours. Buildings containing a series of small shops, it is also being emphasised, lend themselves to vertical treatment. Individual shop buildings look better with a horizontal scheme of decoration. In this connection the design of the façade is all-important. As for the main background of the façades on each street, an effort is going to be made to persuade the individual property owners to co-ordinate the effect by means of vertical banners hung several floors deep between windows. This would not prevent smaller individual ornaments from being used on the aprons of the windows.

At the Office of Works I was informed by Sir James West that the whole scheme of decoration at the Jubilee will be enriched for the Coronation. There will be more flag trophies, more bunting, more flags. All, of course, will be brand new, and not a flag on the larger buildings in Whitehall will be less than 6 yards long. There will also be many more window boxes of hydrangeas, rhododendrons, and if possible geraniums. Whereas at the Jubilee the decorations at the Admiralty Arch were on a modest scale they will be specially impressive for the Coronation. The arch will be decorated entirely with Admiralty flags set in ranges to emphasise the curving lines of the two main frontages.

The Horse Guards will possibly be given a blue colour scheme of decoration instead of a red one as at the Jubilee and will be floodlit. The Scottish Office will remain as before with blue and white St. Andrew's crosses above its windowless walls. Throughout Whitehall and other buildings controlled by the Office of Works there will be more floral decorations to embellish the columns. In the Mall stands will be erected on each side of the way from Admiralty Arch round the Queen Victoria Memorial gardens and throughout the length of Constitution Hill up to the Wellington Arch. Their front will be 8 ft. high and decorated from top to bottom. There will be a similar decoration scheme on the stands which are to be erected in East Carriage drive, Hyde Park, and round Parliament Square. Here the stands will be erected on the central grass plots, and the general scheme will be combined with the stands certain of their supporting posts being designed to permit of the hanging out of banners.

Finally, we come to the annexe which will have to be erected adjacent to the west front of Westminster Abbey in Broad Sanctuary. Sir James West has already submitted a sketch of his design which attempts to reconcile the ancient Gothic of the Abbey with a modern erection. This is not easy. The annexe will serve for only a day and therefore cannot be constructed of stone and yet must harmonise with stone. Again, it must not look like camouflaged stone. It will therefore be faced with plaster. It will have no *porte-cochère* but will contain two entrances—one for the peers and peeresses and the other for the King.

BUSY DAYS FOR THE COMMERCIAL ARTIST: Mr. J. Mortimer, of Camberwell Road, at work on one of his oil paintings which will be reproduced in large numbers for the Coronation

A SOUVENIR LOVING CUP: One of many pieces of pottery bearing the King's likeness now in course of manufacture at Doulton's, Stoke. The majority show His Majesty in Coronation robes

OXFORD STREET DURING THE JUBILEE: At this time the roadway had a uniform plan of decoration, but, with one or two notable exceptions, the various buildings were not adorned elaborately. Next May, however, everything will be on a much more lavish scale. It is suggested that buildings containing a series of small shops should be draped vertically and large stores horizontally, this having been found the most effective mode of treatment

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

When Marie Tempest Went to Downing Street : Dr. Victor Heiser Writes of His Life in Forty-Five Countries

By VERNON FANE

ON a May day in 1882 a girl of seventeen drove up to No. 10, Downing Street, with her grandmother. The young lady was determined on a stage career, and her relation had decided that only the advice of the august Mr. Gladstone himself could deter her from such an outrageous course. Mr. Gladstone, naturally, was admirable in such a situation, and frowned "as he suggested the depravity of the life" the girl wished to live. Mrs. Gladstone beamed and said, "William, you are wonderful," but little Mary Susan was not convinced, and as she stood on the stage at Drury Lane last year at the climax of her own Jubilee matinee 3,000 people applauded and rewarded her determination.

MARIE TEMPEST (Cobden-Sanderson. 18s.) is the biography of the most successfully ambitious actress of our times; one of the most popular, the most famous, and the most loved. All this explains the mood of unquestioning partiality in which Mr. Hector Bolitho has written about his heroine. The vast majority of theatre-goers, a great number of whom will, I imagine, read his book, share the author's opinion—and his delightful prejudice. They will not look for any criticism of their "star," and they will not be disappointed to find that in Mr. Bolitho's mind it apparently does not exist.

In any case it is interesting as the record of a vital, hard-working, brilliant career, and as a collection of first-rate anecdotes. From all Miss Tempest's laudatory notices I would choose—as perhaps she has herself—the account of a cricket match by a sporting journalist, in the course of which he says that "to do justice to Don Bradman's batting it is necessary to use the language of superlative and compare it with the acting of Miss Marie Tempest."

A DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY (Jonathan Cape. 15s.) is biography again, but of as different a type as can be imagined. The author, Dr. Victor Heiser, writes of his life in the forty-five different countries in which he has worked and studied.

Dr. Heiser has described himself as a "globe-trotting drummer" for the Rockefeller foundation, and his mission has been for many years to carry into the farthest corners of the world the scientific knowledge by which disease could be fought.

As a young man, after an apprenticeship passed in the Marine Hospital Service at Boston and New York, where hundreds of immigrants were examined daily before they were allowed to enter the country, Dr. Heiser started on the first stage of what was to be his life's work. He was sent to Naples on a mission, to study the incidence of cholera, and to devise some way of preventing its introduction into America.

From that day Dr. Heiser's travelling has scarcely ceased. Hawaii, Australia, Borneo, the South Sea Islands, Egypt, India, Palestine were only a small part of the countries he visited in the course of his life work of spreading scientific knowledge and fighting disease and plague.

Here is a book that is more thrilling than ninety per cent. of adventure stories; more moving than any romantic novel, and is as unlike anything in the tradition of doctors' best-selling reminiscences as it is possible to imagine, which seem to me to be three good reasons for recommending it.

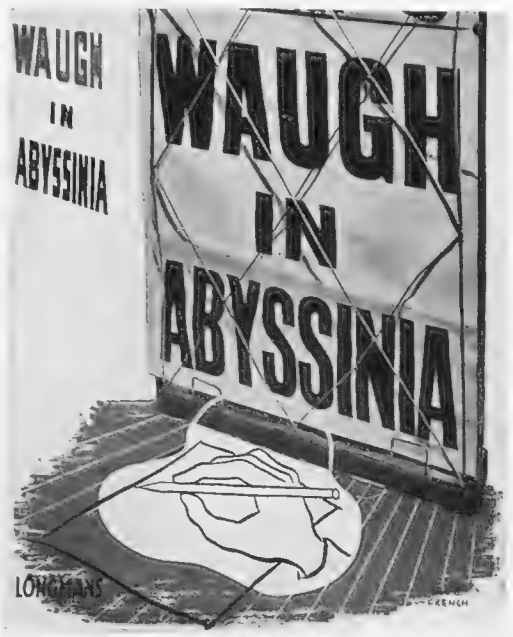
A biography with a difference is Mr. Desmond Ryan's study of Mr. de Valera, the title of which, UNIQUE DICTATOR (Barker. 10s. 6d.), is taken from a left-handed compliment of Mr. Lloyd George's. The subject would probably deny that he is a dictator, and even affirm that the real work of his strange and stormy career is only just beginning, yet the sum total of his achievement is truly remarkable; he wields tremendous power, based upon an almost fanatical devotion, in his own country, and has won liking and respect from his bitterest enemies.

Such a study as this must be difficult to balance, and Mr. Ryan is to be congratulated upon his clear-sighted handling of his hero's faults as well as his virtues, and the scrupulous fairness with which he treats Mr. de Valera's political opponents. Indeed this book might almost be a model for any biography of a living person.

I was under the impression that for a long time I would not willingly be able to read another word about Abyssinia, being as sick of the whole miserable story as the next man. Yet a book with such a title (and such a jacket) as WAUGH IN ABYSSINIA (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) holds out enough possibilities to break down such unreasoning prejudice. I yield to no one in my enjoyment of the wit of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's novels, though I must confess to being less happy with his travel books.

In Abyssinia we find him as a full-fledged war correspondent, and we may get a good deal of amusement out of what happened to him and his colleagues in Addis Ababa, Harar, Jijiga, and other places out there. It is highly probable that his editor did not share his amusement, for he was there to report news which was very hard to come by. It was unfortunate also that, having travelled from Djibouti to Addis Ababa with the notorious Mr. F. W. Rickett, and having shared the same *pension* with him, Mr. Waugh apparently knew nothing of the real nature of that gentleman's activities, and happened to be in Harar with most of the other correspondents when the story broke which shook the world and caused the Governments of Great Britain and the United States to make official pronouncements upon the status of Mr. Rickett.

During the course of this book the author debunks a good deal of the Abyssinian propaganda, and from him we get an interesting picture of the disorganised and generally ineffective state of Abyssinian headquarters and the lack of co-ordination between the Emperor and the various armies in the country supposedly under his command. Obviously Mr. Waugh is, from the word go, pro-Italian. He found the Abyssinians a disorganised, disreputable, and dirty people. If he has any respect for the Emperor it emerges from his book in spite of himself. From first hand he apparently sees little of the nobility and dignity of that tragic figure, which was apparent then and has been apparent since to the world at large. In effect he condemns the whole lot of them as a horde of dirty savages, who ought to be very pleased to have the inestimable benefits of Italian civilisation conferred upon them. The Italians, for instance, have made, and are making, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, splendid roads. Thus their Roman forefathers before them; and is not the whole civilised world of Cook's tourists grateful to Mussolini for his *autostrade*, and for having made the trains run?



"WAUGH IN ABYSSINIA": John French's forceful jacket design for Evelyn Waugh's new book which has just been published by Longmans and, as the title suggests, is an account of his experiences in the Black Empire. He gives a vigorous and entertaining description of the old regime and outlines the difficulties and achievements of the new Italian administration under Graziani

Well, Mr. Waugh has been there and I have not. Yet there are people living savage, undisciplined, and dirty lives in slums, and I can still forbear to extol the grasping landlord who can clear a path thereto in his clean and shiny Rolls-Royce in order to collect the rents.

Herr Theodor Wolff, late editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, was for very many years one of the most influential of German publicists. A Liberal by instinct, but not fanatically so, he was also a great journalist, and undeniably a power in the old Imperial Germany. As much as anybody he worked for the success of the German Republic in those difficult years of oppression and reconstruction in Germany which followed the war. Now he is in exile, and from his retreat in Nice he writes, in reminiscent vein, a book which in English is called THROUGH TWO DECADES (Heinemann. 15s.)

Dr. Wolff knew all the great men of Germany through the two decades which he describes, and his book is the personal history in retrospect of these men. The fantastic Count Monts, the great enemy of Prince Bülow (of whom some wit has said that he was the only man in history who committed suicide after his death), Bethmann-Hollweg ("He was no lion . . . he was a big, dignified watchdog"), the ancient senator Count Hertling: Brockdorff-Rantzau ("Knight of Romance"), Ludendorff ("who discouraged intimacy"), William II, who seems to have let everybody down, and, most of all, a brilliant and sympathetic portrait of Ballin, whom the author calls "the Jew Ballin." A large number of other characters crowd these pages, and each of them is a deft, critical portrait.

In a sense this is the most valuable and objective portrait of these times which has so far come from the pen of a cultured German. Dr. Wolff indulges in no vain regrets, in no recriminations, and certainly in no "I told you so's." It is significant that the name of Hitler does not occur once in these tragic pages. He accepts his exile with a resignation and fine fortitude worthy of such a man.

By contrast, the anonymous author of OUR LORDS AND MASTERS (Robert Hale. 15s) who prefers to call himself "The Unofficial Observer" wears an air of profundity which upon examination is ill supported by large generalisations and very little new to say about those whom he calls "the real rulers of the world." Mr. Montagu Norman adorns the frontispiece, and the bankers, industrialists, statesmen, crowned heads, dictators, and newspaper proprietors of the world come under review.

The manner is familiar to millions of readers of American magazines who apparently have a large appetite for such "interpretations" of personalities and of world affairs. Maybe the author has not consciously striven beyond the scope of competent journalism, and on the whole the book is briskly and adequately done.

I hope that when you go to order (as you surely will) Mr. A. G. Macdonell's new novel there will be no confusion of titles, for it is called LORDS AND MASTERS (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

To avoid a mix-up let us abbreviate the people referred to in his title into Ls and Ms. "The theme of this novel," we are told, "is the efficient way in which men arrange the affairs of the world, while women stand back and admire." The Ls and Ms, you see, are Men. And if, as I suspect, Mr. Macdonell has adopted a time honoured custom and has written his own blurb, you will get the point as quickly and surely as any English reader of *England, Their England*.

So, with that infectious air of enjoying himself hugely, Mr. Macdonell lays about the Ls and Ms, exhibiting them in all their complacent idiosyncrasies and stupefying woodenheadedness with an immense gusto and vicious understanding. And if any of those whose *métier* it is to stand back and admire think they are going to enjoy all of the laugh they will be quickly disillusioned: there are some prize idiots among them as well. People of both sexes who have mislaid their sense of humour had better avoid this book; those who laugh easily had better shut themselves up while reading it, or risk, at their own peril, a riot in the family.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BORISWOOD.—THE MIRTLE TREE. By R. G. Goodyear. 7s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—A TROPHY OF ARMS: POEMS, 1926-1935. By Ruth Pitter. Preface by James Stephens. 5s. FLOWERING NETTLE. By Harry Martinson. 7s. 6d. DENT.—RUMFUSTIAN. By Judith Fay. 7s. 6d. THE SPLENDOUR FALLS. By Romilly Cavan. 7s. 6d. THEY CALL IT PEACE. By Irene Rathbone. 9s. LOVAT DICKSON.—LOST MORNING. By Du Bose Heyward. 7s. 6d. HOW TO DO AND SAY IN ENGLAND. By Anthony Robertson. Illustrated by J. S. Goodall. 3s. 6d. I LIVE A QUEER LIFE. By Vsevolod Ivanov. 10s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE: The Gold Book of Bidding and Play. By Ely Culbertson. 7s. 6d. TROPICAL COOKERY. By Marie L. Fickering. 4s. 6d. RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND. By Thomas Woodrooffe. 8s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THE PATIENT LOOKS AT THE HOSPITAL. By Florence G. Fidler. Foreword by Dr. Joan Malleson. 2s. 6d. ABYSSINIAN STOP PRESS. Edited by Ladislas Farago. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. MARTIN, COME BACK! By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. STEVE. By George Goodchild. 7s. 6d. BAREHANDED CASTAWAYS. By Eric Maclaglan. 7s. 6d. THE MARRIAGE OF NICHOLAS COTTEE. By Nelle M. Scanlan. 7s. 6d. EUROPA. By Robert Briffault. 7s. 6d. THE CRIME. By Georges Permanos. 7s. 6d. ATTIC METEOR. By Dennis Parry. 7s. 6d. FOUR DAYS' WAR. By S. Fowler Wright. 7s. 6d. STANLEY BALDWIN: Man or Miracle? By Bechhofer Roberts. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. JOHN HALE.—BRETHREN AND COMPANIONS: Charterhouse Chapel Addresses. By Frank Fletcher. 5s. HAMISH HAMILTON.—THE MAGIC PUDDING: Being the Adventures of Bunyip Bluegum and His Friends Bill Barnacle and Sam Sawnoff. By Norman Lindsay. Illustrated. 5s. AUGUST FOLLY. By Angela Thirkell. 7s. 6d. RIDE ON THE WIND. By Francis Chichester. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HARRAP. — SENTENCED TO ADVENTURE: An Autobiography. By Serge Zolo. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—VINCENT: A Life of Vincent Van Gogh. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by John Holroyd-Reece. 7s. 6d. THE SMALLEST DRUM. By Arthur G. Stanley. 7s. 6d. HUMMING BIRD. By Eleanor Farjeon. 7s. 6d. AND FAR FROM HOME. By T. E. A. Healy. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

I could fill a column with a list of the contents of THE GARDENER'S COMPANION (Dent. 7s. 6d.) and set you wondering how so comprehensive a collection of lore, information, and items of downright necessity could be contained in a single volume. Yet within this compact little book is a veritable library containing everything a garden lover, from the humblest amateur to the professional connoisseur needs to know, as well as a very great deal for everybody's enjoyment. A lovely gift book for a gardening friend.

WHAT DOES A SUIT mean to you?

- *Beige tweed, bordered and lined with marron, is used by Vera Borea for the perfect formal country suit above. The coat is waisted and slightly flared, and the hand-knitted jumper has bands across the front*
- *Creed's grey-blue Regency suit is seen on the left. The collar and buttons are of astrackan, and the slanting pocket at the waist gives a basqued effect*
- *Checks and plaids are fashion news, and below you see Creed's brilliantly checked jacket and unlined cape, worn with a green skirt and a lighter green blouse*

IN your scheme of things, exactly where does a suit come in? Do you think of it as something you wear when you want to be comfortable, but which you save for expeditions to the country? Or do you wear it in town when you want to feel very trim and carefree? Or do you regard it as something you only put on when you do not feel that you have to live up to an occasion?

Because, both in London and Paris, the leading designers have so fallen beneath their spell that they show them for every hour of the day. It is not enough that one wears a suit from nine till six. One merely changes to a more elaborate but equally simply tailored suit for cocktails or, if one is dining elegantly, to an even more sophisticated evening suit.

ACTUALLY it is an admirable idea from the point of view of economy. One can wear a suit so much longer than a fluffy frock, and it is easier both to find interesting accessories and to interchange various garments. For instance, cocktail and dinner suits can so easily be linked together. In his Paris collection Piguet (who next month comes to Grosvenor Street) has a charming black wool suit, the short skirt embroidered with gold sequins in a leaf design, and the neat jacket, slender-waisted, with rounded fronts, plain except for the embroidered collar and revers. A thoroughly practical, warm, and distinctive suit for cocktail parties, or for weddings. And what could be easier, since wool is *the* fashionable material for evening frocks, than to have one to wear beneath the little jacket?

Even the simplest of town suits are inclined to glitter somewhere. It may be just that they have a lamé scarf tucked into the neck, or that a tinsel thread is woven through the blouse; or the shine may not come from accessories at all. It will probably glint in the mohair threads that are woven in the wool. These may be grouped together to form a pattern, or they may be scattered, in which case they will possibly be in some subtle shade that is not quite black, but is not definite enough to give a two-toned effect.

There is really only one other point to bear in mind. Your suit may have a tunic coat, or a little basqued jacket, or Napoleonic leanings; but whatever its line it must have a flash of colour. So, whenever you see a really good scarf, buy it. And, whenever you want to sew, make velvet cravats in the most exciting colours you dare put together. Or choose a satin striped in the rather crude shades of the Regency period.

TESTING A RILEY

A Drive in a 1½-litre Falcon Saloon and Other Motoring Matters

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I RECENTLY tried on the road one of the latest Riley productions. This was a 1½-litre Falcon saloon, a car which was a real treat to drive, and was certainly one of the most impressive small cars that I have handled. A Riley is not what I would call a cheap car in the popular sense of the word, but it is cheap in the long run, and to people who really enjoy car driving there is nothing to satisfy them more than a Riley. I suppose I could have said this about every Riley I have ever driven, but it is even more apparent in this 1½-litre Falcon than ever before. This particular model has an individuality all its own, and I can state quite definitely that no one in this country is likely to find any other car that is more pleasant to handle or more comfortable to travel in.

I cannot hope to convey in words how it is that a Riley differs from the great majority of other cars, the only way by which readers can obtain an idea of what is meant by "motoring by Riley" is to go out for a demonstration run.

I drove the car for quite a number of miles and as I had no occasion to lift the bonnet I can state quite truthfully that until some friend was inquisitive enough to inspect the engine I never knew that I was being propelled along by a 4-cylinder engine. It ran so smoothly that I do not think I can fairly be blamed for mistaking it for a 6-cylinder job. I did not imagine that any four could turn over so sweetly or so silently as did this Riley power unit. What is more, it possessed a punch which was quite surprising and made no bones whatever in propelling the car at speeds above 70 m.p.h. This engine, in conjunction with the easily operated pre-selector gear-box, allows the driver to indulge in really slashing acceleration, a quality which is, in these days, far more important than flat-out speed. The clutch, which is an automatic one, also assists in giving quick acceleration and what is more, it makes driving a terribly simple job.

The Riley 1½-litre Falcon is an ideal car for a novice to drive for nothing could be simpler than the controls, so much so that anyone of average intelligence could learn to drive this car in a few half-hour lessons. At the same time it is equally suited to the motoring connoisseur.

As regards the steering, the suspension, and the brakes I have nothing but praise, in fact try as I could I was unable to find any weak spot at which to level adverse criticism.

Coming now to the accommodation of the car, I must confess that I found the seats were more than usually comfortable, that I and my passengers could get in and get out with the utmost ease, and that although the car looks low and actually is, generous headroom is provided. The buyer of a Riley car always must start off with the comforting knowledge that he is buying a vehicle which is the result of severe testing with other Riley cars in competitions and in the racing world. The lessons learnt are not forgotten when the makers produce their ordinary touring models.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: The recently completed bridge carrying the London-Carlisle trunk road over the L.M.S. railway track and the River Nene at Irthlingborough, Northants, which has just been opened by Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Transport Minister. On the left is the 500-year-old bridge which has been preserved unaltered

THE CAR IN QUESTION: A 1½-litre Riley Falcon saloon similar to that which Mr. Bradley tested; a description of this car is incorporated in the accompanying article

The great Olympia Show and the Ford Motor Exhibition at the Albert Hall have now passed into history, and it is gratifying to know that the attendances in both cases have been greater than in 1935. We are also told that the number of orders which manufacturers received during the Shows has constituted a record. That may or may not be the case, but any way, too much notice should not be paid to such statements because the Motor Exhibition is seldom the venue for car purchases from private individuals. Unless there is some political upheaval during the next twelve months there is little doubt but that the motor industry is in for a busy time.

During the Show I heard quite a number of arguments for and against the holding of an annual Motor Exhibition. Such unofficial debates usually take place amongst members of the motor industry during the Show time, but from what I heard it seemed to me that the agitation to dispense with the Show was gathering ground, and had attracted more important manufacturers to its side, The arguments against the holding of the annual Show are numerous, but the chief are that it tends to put the public off buying cars until the Exhibition is held. In other words the three months prior to October are fairly dead. Then after the Exhibition we start winter, and people probably put off their purchasing until the spring. In this way the dead period which is more or less bound to occur owing to the seasons is prolonged much to the detriment of the whole trade. The other important disadvantage of a Show is that it practically compels a manufacturer to date his car. Some distinguished people in the industry are inclined to think that the dating of cars is an advantage to the trade, whilst others hold the reverse opinion. The advocates of an annual Show are convinced that by staging such an Exhibition general opinion is focussed on motors and motoring in such a way as to do the trade a substantial amount of good. Although, as I have said, the "non-Showites" appear to be gaining a little ground I do not think that we shall go without our annual Exhibition for many years to come. It will be interesting to see what difference, if any, the holding of the Exhibition at Earl's Court in 1937 will make. It has been associated with Olympia for so long that it is quite conceivable that a change of venue may vary its fortunes, whether for good or bad I cannot predict.

RECORD-BREAKER: The Mercédès racing car which recently set up three new speed records on the Frankfurt-Heidelberg motor road seen at the start of one of the attempts

Major Oliver Stewart, the Motoring Correspondent of *The Morning Post*, was recently summoned for exceeding 30 m.p.h. in a built-up area. The usual police evidence was given by two constables who followed him in a car and, as usual, the speedometer of their vehicle was the chief source of the information on which the prosecution relied when they asserted that Major Stewart had driven at 40 m.p.h. The Magistrates convicted and Major Oliver Stewart appealed. The appeal was successful and, although it cost Major Stewart a lot of money, his efforts should prove of immense value to motorists. I wonder how many of my readers have tried following behind a friend's car at a set distance in order to check the speedometer of the car in front. It is almost a hopeless task even to keep the two cars separated by a constant distance, and when one attempts to pass other traffic whilst carrying out this test it becomes practically hopeless. At Brooklands I carry out speedometer tests and even with a perfectly clear wide track it is exceedingly difficult to read the needle of the speedometer with accuracy. How anyone could drive a car or a motor-cycle through traffic, keeping his eye on the road ahead to avoid other vehicles, also on the speedometer to ascertain the speed at any given moment, and also to make quite certain by observation that he is keeping a constant distance behind the car followed, I cannot imagine.

I would go so far as to say that the job is an impossible one, and that any policeman who can assert in a Court of Justice that his eyes are doing these three things at the same time is an imaginator of the highest order. Unfortunately for us motorists, the man in uniform carries more weight with the average magistrate than does a civilian. Major Stewart was fortunate in tracing three weeks afterwards a person totally unknown to him who followed him whilst the police were also on his trail. Except for this stroke of luck it is doubtful if his case would have resulted in a manner different from those many thousands in which motorists are involved every day.

I was amused whilst in Court when one of the police constables who was prosecuting asked both Major Stewart and his witness why they looked in their mirrors to see if a police car was following. I cannot imagine the police being so innocent as to express wonderment, but the magistrates should know that when a motorist sees a police car following he generally slows down to about 20 m.p.h. in order to make the risk of being prosecuted less, for we are all more or less convinced that if we keep up to the 30 m.p.h. to which we are entitled there is a very grave chance that the authorities behind may charge us with doing 35 m.p.h. or more. Slowing down, therefore, on seeing a police car is dictated solely by the principles of safety first and not because the driver is already exceeding the speed limit.

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STABILISING DEVICES FOR LINERS

Experimenting with Systems Designed to Eliminate Rolling

IN view of the publicity given to the rolling of the *Queen Mary*, as reported in more or less sensational headlines, during the terrific gale which swept the Atlantic and Western Europe the last few days the question of anti-rolling devices comes again to the fore.

Ever since the hydraulically controlled "swinging saloon" designed by Sir Henry Bessemer sixty years ago, but which met with very disappointing results, various methods have been experimented with and actually used for stabilising vessels in heavy seas. These, however, may be boiled down to two outstanding types, viz., the "rolling tank" and the "gyroscopic" stabilisers. The former is simple in design and embodies little actual machinery. It is an arrangement of water tanks in the ship's hull by means of which a large volume of water is automatically displaced from one side to the other in opposition to the heeling over action of the waves and partly wind.

The Frahm system on these lines has been extensively used in German ships, both mercantile and naval, notably the *Deutschland*, the *Europa*, *Bremen*, and others.

The gyroscopic type has been more favoured by some large motor and steam yachts, and a number of American-built ships fitted with it, as well as a Japanese aircraft carrier. One of the outstanding European liners with it installed is the 45,000-ton Italian liner *Conte de Savoia*.

In this system the well-known principle of the fast-rotating gyroscope is made use of on a very large scale. The ship just mentioned has three sets, each of which includes a flywheel, 13 ft. diameter and weighing 110 tons, spinning round at about 900 revolutions a minute driven by an electric motor. The wheel revolves in a horizontal plane, its shaft being vertical, and the whole framework is carried in bearings lying horizontally athwart the ship. When these wheels rotate they offer enormous resistance to any tendency of the ship to tilt them over to one side or the other, and hence act in opposition to the heeling-over effect of the waves which cause rolling, just as when trying to suddenly tilt a toy gyroscope. The complete mechanism weighs nearly 700 tons.

British shipbuilders and owners do not seem to have been nearly so keen on these gadgets as those on the Continent and America. The reason may be more psychological than otherwise. To fit these devices

SHIPS *and the* SEA

LEAVING HARBOUR: Smoke belching from one of *Normandie's* funnels

implies more or less a want of faith in the sea-going qualities of not only the ships but their crews and passengers. Britannia rules the waves, then why use other means than ballast tanks and bilge keels which do the job pretty well? The prevailing features of British shipbuilding and mechanical engineering have been their robust simplicity and freedom from complicated refinements, which contribute so largely to their reliability.

VIBRATION IN THE "NORMANDIE"

An Official Account of the French Vessel's Troubles

During the recent World Power Conference at Washington an interesting paper was read by M. Coqueret of the builders and M. Romano of the French Line giving an account of the cause and cure of the vibration which troubled all concerned during *Normandie's* earlier voyages.

During the first trials in May 1935 the aft part of the ship, especially the upper deck, developed "unpleasant" vibration at 25 to 26 knots. Before sailing her maiden voyage parts of the deck and stanchions were stiffened, but with no apparent improvement. Further research was made during the nine runs of May to October. A special trial trip was made November 15–18 to try out some alteration suggested from the regular run. Vibration was present over about a third of the deck's length.

During the trial run they tested:—

(1) Changing the direction of rotation of the two outside propellers.

(2) Adding a cross-cut in the superstructure above the promenade deck.

(3) Synchronising the four propellers.

(4) Fitting "brake stanchions" to absorb the vibration energy by creating frictional resistance action.

The results were as follows:—

(1) Vibration was reduced by 20 per cent.

(2) Expansion joints in the decks reduced vibration on the sun and boat decks by as much as 60 per cent.

(3) Found no use and impracticable.

(4) These consisted of twin member stanchions having a friction surface of lignum vitæ wood and steel to create friction during end movement, and pressed together by springs. The result was not satisfactory. Though it improved matters in certain localities as soon as other sets were adjusted it threw the former ones out and proved no good.

Shaft bearings and thrust blocks, which take the end pressure of the propellers, were stiffened up as well as part of the structure round the stern.

They then decided to fit four-bladed propellers having blades with a backward rake of 15 deg. and the revolutions were reduced from 200 to 180 r.p.m. for 28 knots. This proved more effective. These alterations were carried out between November 1935 and April 1936, and the following trial trip showed vibration reduced to 20 per cent. of its former intensity.

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THE IRAQI COUP D'ETAT

(Continued from page 220)

Yet inevitably the coup must give rise to some apprehension. The personality of the man, Bekir Sidky Pasha, in the absence abroad of the Commander-in-Chief, Taha Pasha al Hashimi (brother of the dispossessed Premier), the qualities of the Iraqis exiled, and the obvious "cock-a-hoopness" of the young Iraqi army, must provide speculation on the fate of future Administration in Iraq. If one Cabinet, whatever its alleged shortcomings, can virtually be bombed out of existence, why not other Administrations?

A new stage has been set in Iraq. British advice, which would never have countenanced, and cannot now approve, such a coup, is at a discount, and the restraining influences which were wont to issue from the Palace in the time of King Faisal have disappeared also. A somewhat feckless nationalism, heralded by the use of violence, struts the scene; and none can yet tell whether the Cabinet will consent to be the puppets of the army or will themselves endeavour to be creative actors. Should they attempt the latter role, it is to be presumed that the army might again proclaim, in the name of democracy—odd how these verbal foibles endure!—that a change was indicated in the interests of the Iraqi nation.

K. W.

The Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople

The annual meeting of this deserving cause is to be held at 3 p.m. on Thursday, November 12, at 35 Lowndes Square, S.W.1, with Mrs. Arthur Long as the speaker and Violet Lady Melchett in the chair. The Guild has as its object the assistance of men and women of gentle birth or good education, preference being given to those who have no legitimate claim on any special fund. The aid given chiefly takes the form of regular grants to those who, by reason of old age, illness or other disability, are unable to work. These grants are always reconsidered at stated intervals. There is a Wardrobe Department from which gifts of clothing are supplied. The Committee co-operate with other Societies, thus trying to ensure that help shall be adequate and overlapping prevented. The continued financial co-operation of friends and relatives is also sought if the case is likely to become permanent.

LUXURY AFLOAT: The cocktail lounge on board the *City of Benares*—the new 11,260-ton Ellerman liner now on her maiden voyage to India

The "City of Benares"

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On left—An impression of the liner *City of Benares* at speed

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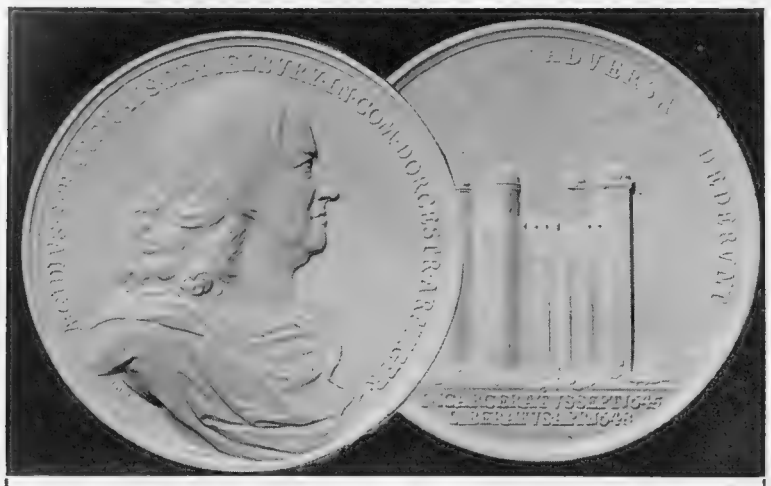

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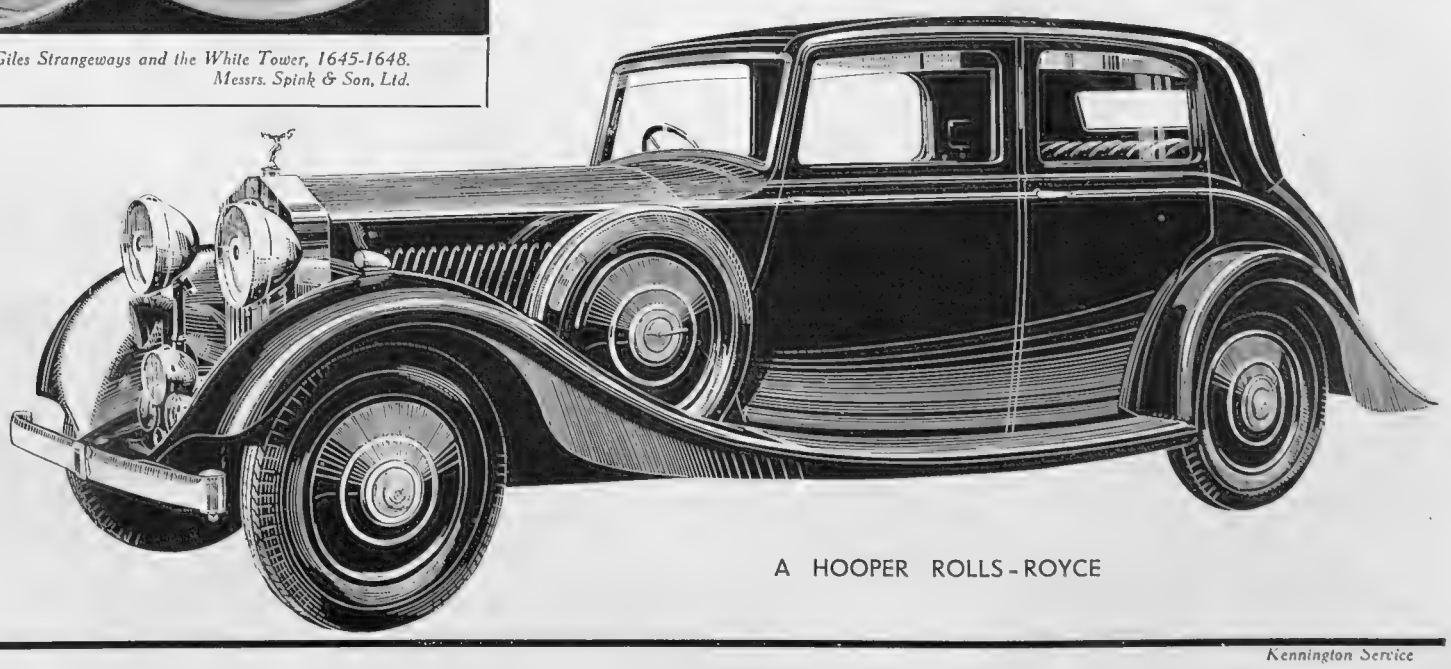

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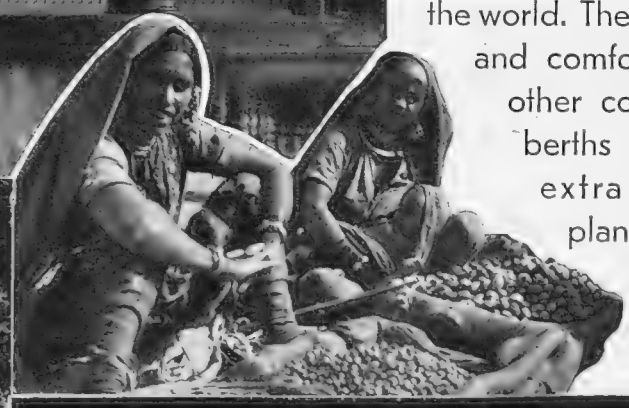

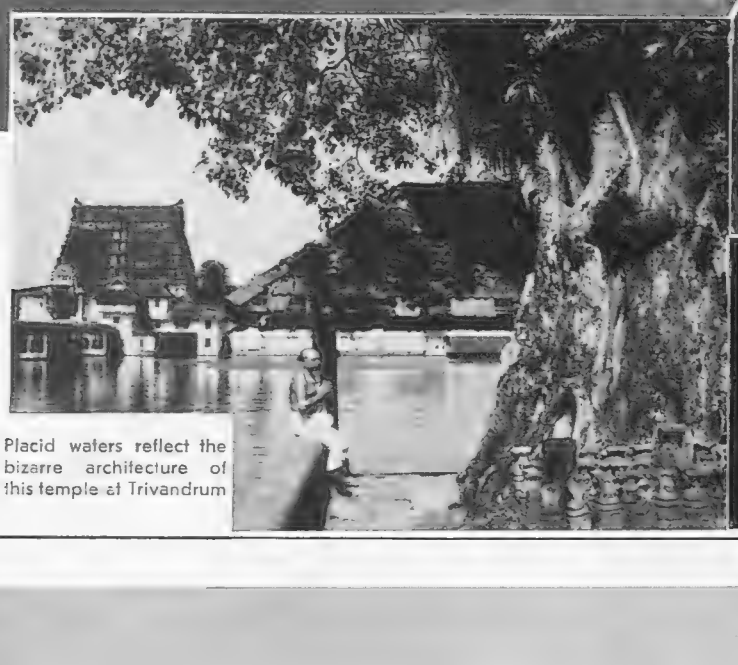

Placid waters reflect the bizarre architecture of this temple at Trivandrum

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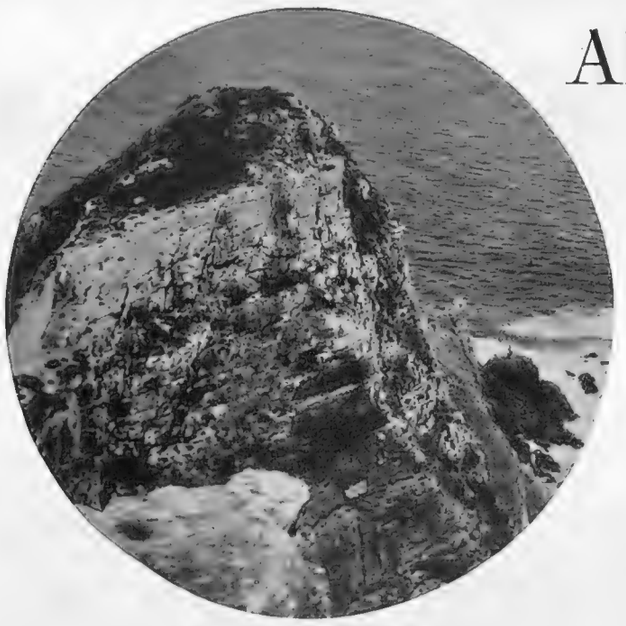

A SOUTHERN SENTINEL: The Cape of Good Hope guarding the entrance to False Bay and the British naval base of Simonstown. A road now leads to the Point and, because of its fine views, it is a favourite Sunday excursion of Capetown folk

LOOK at the map of Africa and you will see that from Wady Halfa, in the north-east (it is close by the frontier which divides Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan), right down to the Cape itself, there is an unbroken line of red. This is the route which the air liners going to the Cape follow, and passengers on that romantic flight can gaze down on an enormous tract of Empire territory, varying in the stages of its development from deep tropical forests and plains and lakes teeming with all manner of wild life, to the great cities and rich farm lands of the South African Union.

English people do not get to know their Empire as well as they ought to. At least, until a comparatively short time ago they did not. They are beginning to now; the idea that the Empire is a place fit for tourists to visit as well as for vigorous young heroes to settle in, is now rapidly gaining ground, and certainly there could be no more convincing demonstration of its truth than is provided by the continent which fifty years ago was still called "dark."

Consider, for instance, this winter's great Exhibition at Johannesburg (celebrating that golden city's fiftieth birthday), and how many visitors it is drawing to South Africa. What an admirable journey to make! First of all there is the enjoyment of the voyage, the luxury of sailing from autumn back into summer. Then comes the revelation of South Africa itself. Whatever one's tastes and interests, whether for scenic beauty, for sport, for agriculture, industry, or the problems of Empire government, they will at once be stimulated and satisfied, for South Africa is tremendously alive, tremendously vital—that is one of the abiding impressions that travellers bring back.

Capetown is probably one of the most attractive cities in the world to visit, and people planning their trip in advance would do well to arrange to spend several days there. It is so sunny and spacious, and there is so much to do. Table Mountain, with whose curious shape everybody is familiar from pictures long before they actually see it, draws one's gaze back again and again. The colours on it are always changing, from the palest blues and brown to the deepest purple. There is a constant shimmering light on the silver trees which cover the lower slopes that is not quite like anything else in the world. Then again there is the Rhodes Memorial on the slopes of Devil's Peak, a fine tribute to a man of extraordinary vision, which nobody who is prepared to take South Africa seriously must on any account miss seeing. And again, there is the motor road round the Cape Peninsula, which reveals an astonishing series of vistas—brilliant sea, brilliant sky, white foam breaking against the rocks, lovely, flower clad slopes—that literally take one's breath away.

Amongst the most fascinating things about this altogether fascinating country is the feeling of homeliness it inspires; it is rich and warm and generous, and the life of its people is founded on two great domestic civilisations — Dutch and English. The Dutch influence is particularly marked, of course, in the architecture of country houses and farms, and the "Dutch Colonial" style is very reminiscent of the charm of old Holland, although naturally it has been adapted to meet the needs of a happier climate.

From Johannesburg an obvious extension of one's itinerary is up to Southern Rhodesia, where two of the world's greatest wonders are to be seen: the Victoria Falls and the Zimbabwe ruins. To the archæologist these latter present an unsolved and apparently insoluble riddle. To the ordinary tourist they are a memorial—an immensely impressive memorial — of unknown people who lived and flourished a long while ago and disappeared, leaving no trace except these half-shattered watch-towers and huge, broken walls. Lost cities are not, perhaps, the most cheerful places in the world, but there is something very strange and in a way attractive about the Zimbabwe ruins—they give one momentarily the feeling of having stepped outside Time.

As for the Victoria Falls, well, there is no purpose in trying to describe them, for as everybody who has ever seen a really great waterfall knows, it is something that defies description; its thunder is too loud, its foam and rainbow spray too vivid, its force too tumultuous for the unaided imagination to picture. I think it is true to say that to whatever pitch of expectation people have keyed themselves up when they set out to visit the Victoria Falls, their expectations are always exceeded. There is just another point that is worth mentioning in this connection; although the Falls are easily accessible and a great number of people do visit them every year, the site is by no means a tourist-ridden one, and nothing has been done to rob them of an atom of their natural grandeur.

THE MACHILA CHAIR: One way of getting about in the mountainous country situated around Lake Bunyoni, Uganda Protectorate

From here the enterprising traveller may want to go north again, through Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika Territory (a British mandate) to Kenya and Uganda, which are amongst the finest and most attractive of all Great Britain's overseas possessions. Actually, of course, there are plenty of other ways of getting to them as well; overland or by air via Egypt, for instance, or round the coast of Africa to Mombasa. Both Kenya and Uganda offer a marvellous objective for a long holiday, from all points of view—climate, sport, and scenery. This is new country, too, country that thirty years or so ago was capturing the imagination of pioneers with its immense possibilities — possibilities that are now half way to being realised.

Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, only came into existence at the beginning of this century, yet to-day it is a fine, flourishing city, with imposing public buildings, good hotels, and an active social life of its own. The landscape round about is extraordinarily lovely; indeed as far as scenery is concerned, Kenya and Uganda between them possess some of the finest sights in the world. Mount Kenya in the west, for example, towers up to a height of 17,000 ft., and is surrounded by charming foothills; then there is the great Rift Valley, which lies 1,000 ft. below the level of the surrounding country; then again, in Uganda this time, there are the Murchison Falls, which although remotely situated in the middle of a huge game reserve, can now be quite easily reached. It is a fine journey to them, 20 miles by launch or river steamer (both of them very comfortable) up the Nile, through an area where you see almost every kind of beast and bird that came out of the ark—herds of elephants, hippopotami, crocodiles littering the river banks, antelopes, warthogs, baboons, monkeys, they are all there in their hundreds. And the Falls themselves are a worthy climax to the trip. The whole stream of the Nile passes through a passage in the rock only about 20 ft. across, and then falls in a series of magnificent cascades into a pool hundreds of feet below.

Richard Nowell

A SETTLER'S HOME IN KENYA: A farm at Limuru, beautifully situated in the mountains at a height of over 7,300 ft.

On left—HOW THE NILE LOOKS TO THE AIR TRAVELLER: A glimpse of the great river as it passes through a rocky defile

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In Quest of

A Welcome at the and The Red

READING has for so long been associated with the manufacture of biscuits, and the germination of seeds true to type, that there must be many who have never visualised Reading as a residential centre.

Some weeks ago I noticed in these columns an announcement concerning Upcross Hotel, Berkeley Avenue, Reading, and as I had had one or two inquiries from overseas for a good residential hotel in the Reading neighbourhood, I felt that this SPHERE-sent clue must be investigated.

Frankly I set out on my mission a little sceptically. Beyond admiring Suttons' seeds from the railway line, and once threading my way past Huntley and Palmer's just after the factory siren had sounded "cease biscuit making," I knew little about this neighbourhood.

I had anticipated that Upcross Hotel was one of those solid, grey, early-Victorian stone buildings "standing in its own grounds" but flanked by other equally solid buildings to the right and left. Instead, my quarry proved to be a most agreeable find.

Coming from London—and what an easy motoring run it is to Reading by the Bath Road—you can, by taking the by-pass, avoid the centre of the town and so reach Berkeley Avenue, which will be found on the left-hand side and within walking distance of the principal shops, cinemas, and the railway station.

Yet its situation is completely rural. From the upper windows there are views as far as the eye can see, and without a house in sight! Immediately below is an acre and a quarter of garden belonging to the hotel, and sitting out there on sunny days it must be difficult to believe that a busy shopping centre is around the corner, and London by train only 40 mins. away. There can be few towns as well served by fast express trains as Reading, so Upcross has naturally an appeal to the business or professional man whose activities are in the City or West End.

In writing of Upcross I prefer to omit the word hotel. Hotels *can* be forbidding. Upcross is welcoming. It has a quite pleasing exterior; the borders were still gay with flowers when I was there.

As I had deliberately gone there without announcing my going my visit was unexpected, so I was able to see Upcross entirely from the view of the prospective resident. I went into a very comfortable lounge (I can vouch for this because I tried all the chairs prior to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Catling's, the proprietors, arrival). I was very struck by the sun lounge, the size, attractive furnishings, and modern equipment of bedrooms, and, though I did not actually sample the food, I saw the home-made cakes in the oven, and a kitchen garden bursting with fruit and vegetables.

Further, as everything is under the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Eastbourne.—The Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Hinton (Hants.).—East Close Htl. R.A.C. A.A.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal York Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Upcross Hotel, Reading, House, Leatherhead

personal supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Catling, who previously ran a very successful hotel in Torquay, a town where competition is very keen, I am confident that the cuisine would be of the same high standard as everything else in the house.

Following my visit I shall certainly recommend it to those who are on the look-out for somewhere in the Reading neighbourhood, which, as I have already said, is very accessible from London and is a very good centre in the summer for Ascot, Henley, and the River, as well as being a very healthy neighbourhood.

The same week I paid a return visit to an hotel for which I have a particularly soft spot, because I have always had such warm letters of appreciation from those whom I have recommended to stay there. I refer to the Red House, Leatherhead.

If you want to reside as near to London as possible, and yet be in the country, I know you will be most comfortable at the Red House.

Mrs. Prior is an adept at making people comfortable. Her clientele is drawn literally from all parts of the world, and when those abroad come home, their first act on landing in London is to do some essential shopping, "and then the Red House." For being only 35 mins. from town it is so easy to run back to London again when business or a shopping urge dictates.

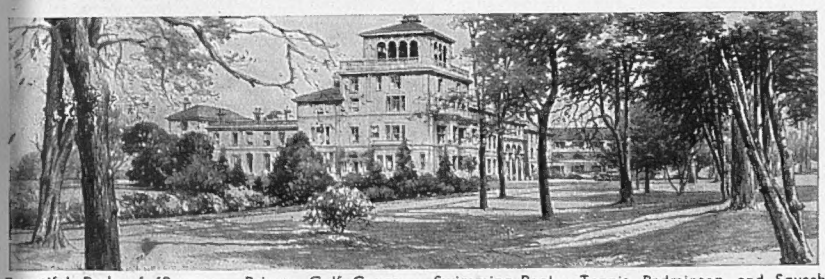
And at the Red House itself there is always a cheerful atmosphere. There is plenty of room to move and to breathe in. The grounds are a great joy at all times of the year. It is an hotel and a home, with an equal appeal to both sexes of all ages, and it has the further advantage of being able to offer a variety of accommodation from a private suite to a bachelor single room.

CHRISTMAS!—Seven weeks, and how the time always flies. At the beginning of November we are urged to "shop early for Christmas," and I in my capacity as hotel adviser urge you to "book early."

Many of those hotels which make Christmas and New Year very special events in their calendar have already issued their Christmas programmes, and amongst these are Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth; Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells; Lincombe Hall Hotel, Torquay; Hotel Riposo, Bexhill-on-Sea; Headland Hotel, Newquay; Hotel Majestic, Harrogate, and that very delightful country hotel, Brimpton Grange, near Wheatley, Oxford.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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Torquay.—Hydro Hotel. Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel. Sloane Street. S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel. S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel. S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Doune.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 10.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

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Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.

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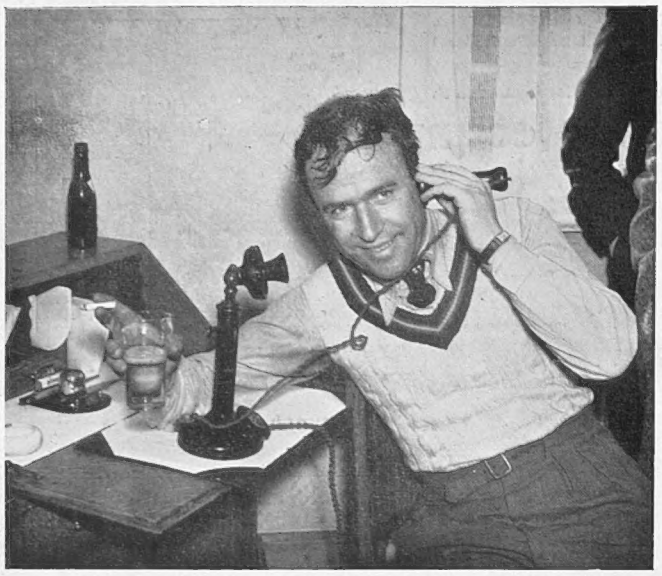
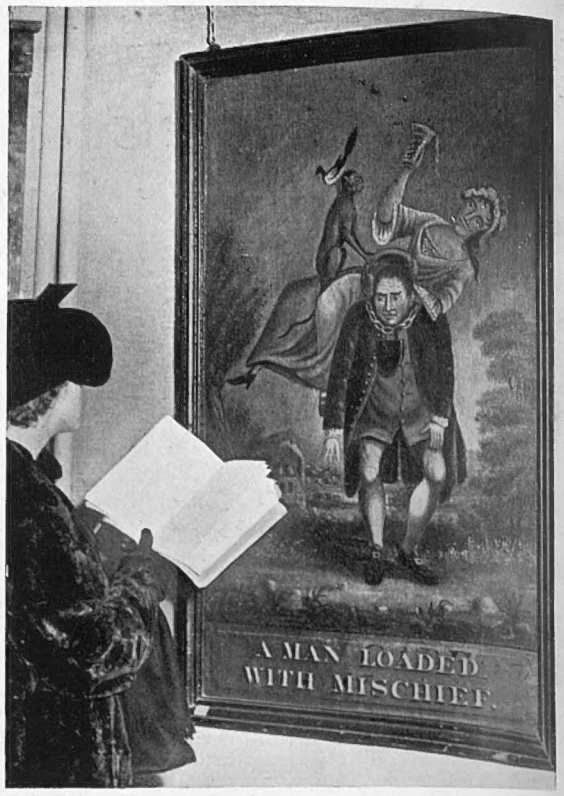


HAT TRICK: Jim Mollison telephoning to a friend a few minutes after landing at Croydon at the end of his record-breaking flight from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland—his third crossing of the North Atlantic and, he says, the most hazardous. He accomplished the 2,300-mile journey in 13 hrs. 17 mins., averaging over 170 m.p.h.

THE START AT DAWN: Jean Batten, breaker of the record for an England-Australia solo flight, capped this achievement a few days later by crossing the dreaded 1,200-mile Tasman Sea to New Zealand. She is pictured here at Sydney as she climbed into the cockpit of her plane before the great adventure



'A MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF": This quaint sign, attributed to Hogarth and once adorning an ale house in Oxford Street, is on view at the Exhibition of Inn Signs at the Building Centre, New Bond Street

HERE *and* THERE

On left—A MOUNTAINEER'S FLOATING HOME: Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, leader of the 1936 Mount Everest Expedition, with his wife and their "skipper," on board the *Eternal Wave*, the yacht in which they now live. This week Mr. Ruttledge came to London and addressed a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, describing how unfortunate weather conditions had ruined the latest attempt on the summit of the great peak. "They had, however, the nucleus of a first rate party," he said, and he was optimistic that success would ultimately be achieved

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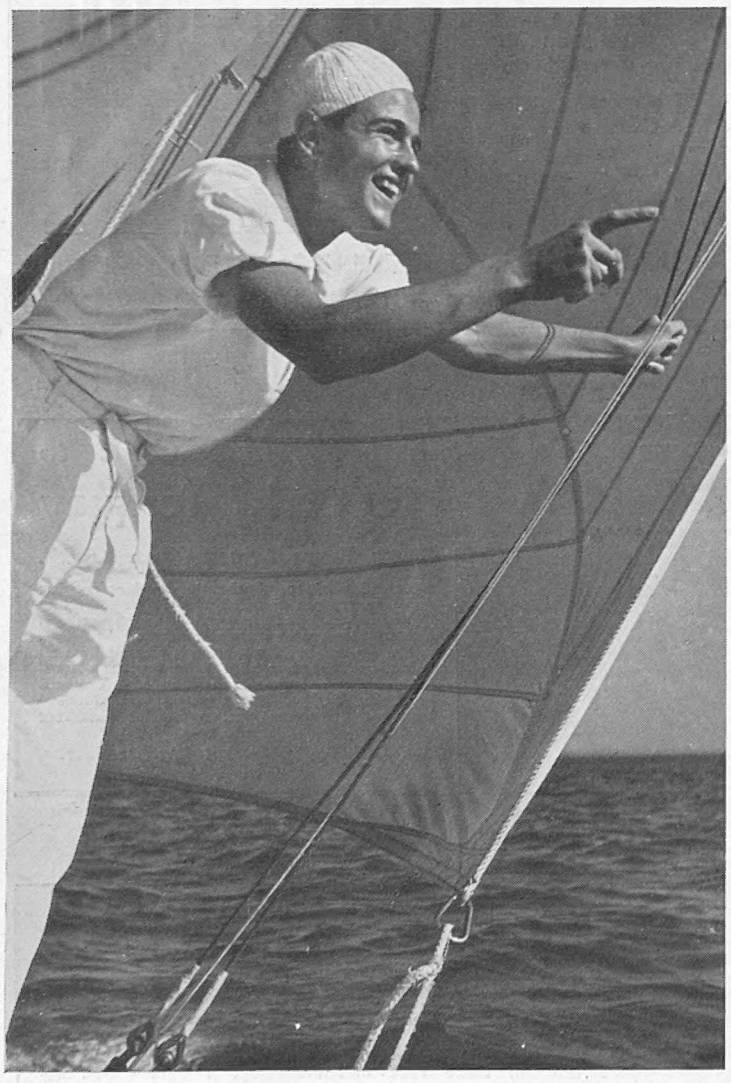
THE present needs of the Society are great, because the cost of maintaining 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship means a very heavy bill to meet. Donations are coming in very slowly, and an urgent appeal is made for gifts to help pay for cost of maintenance. Will readers help this great and good work of training young children to become good and useful men and women. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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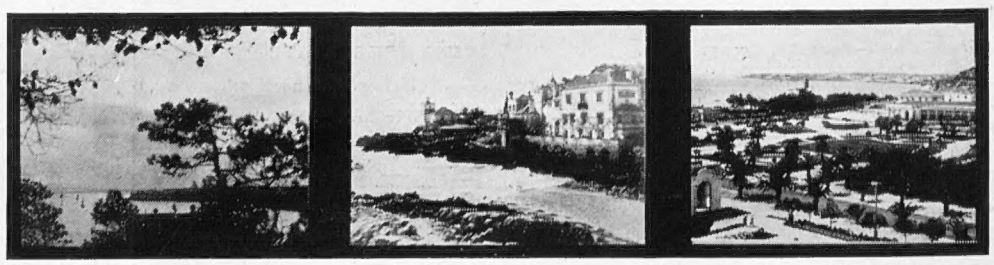
For information: CASA DE PORTUGAL, 20 Regent Street, London; or Soc. Propaganda da Costa do Sol, ESTORIL, PORTUGAL. "*Where June is* 12 *months long*."



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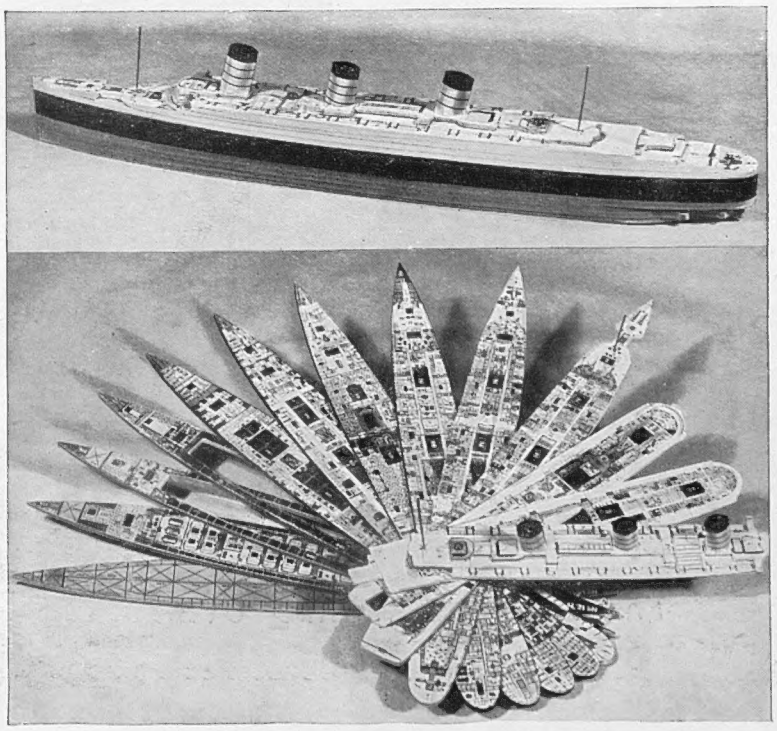

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